THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JUNE 22, 1907

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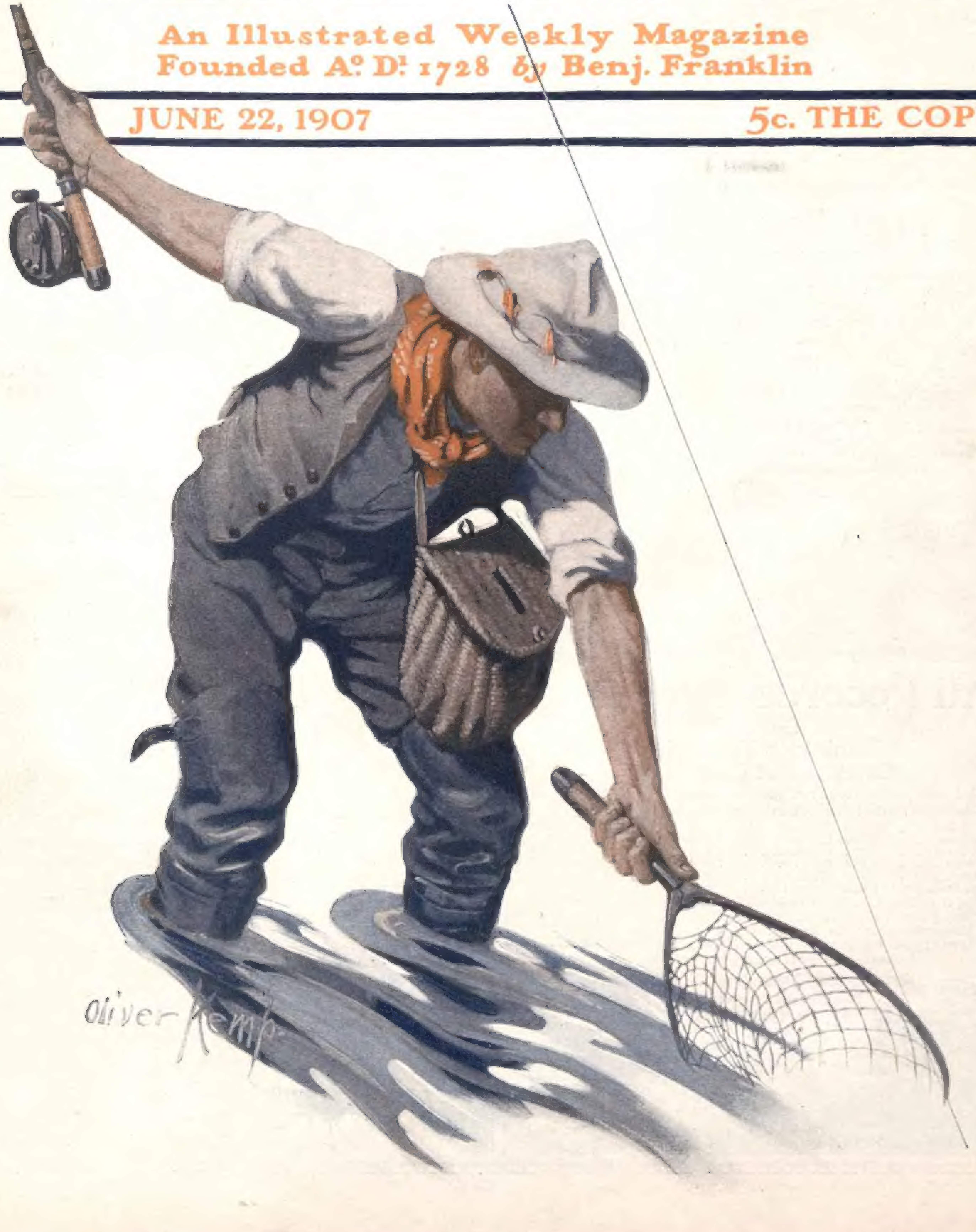

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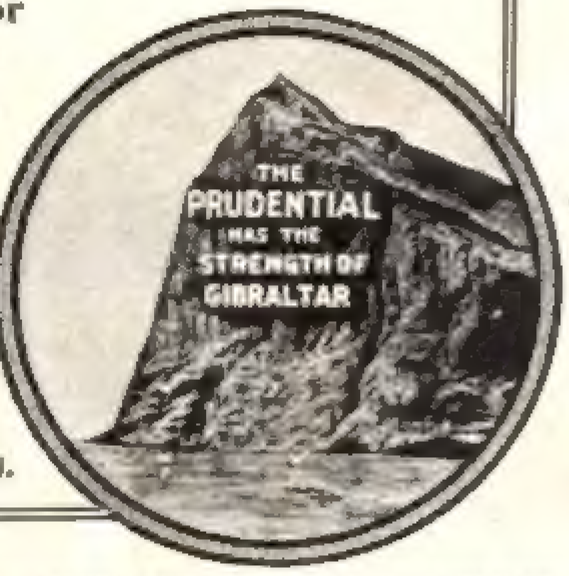
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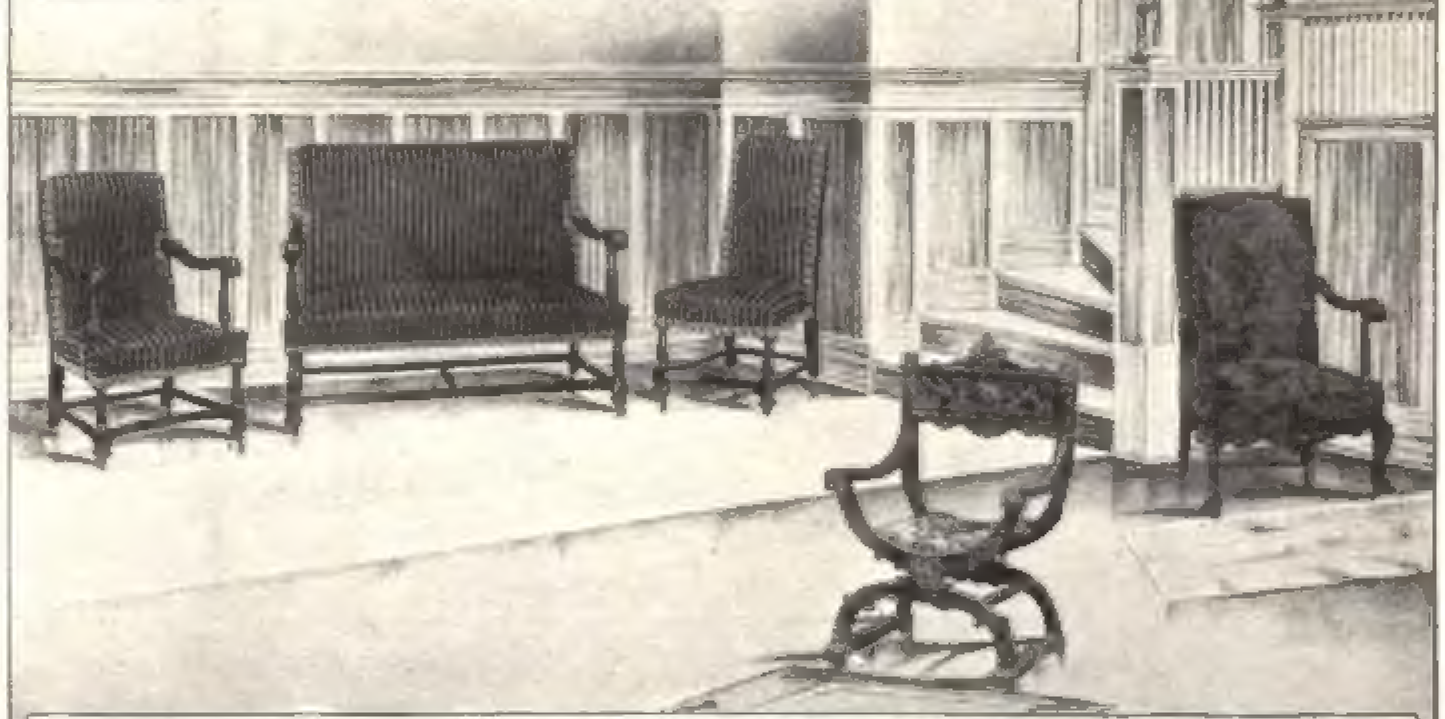

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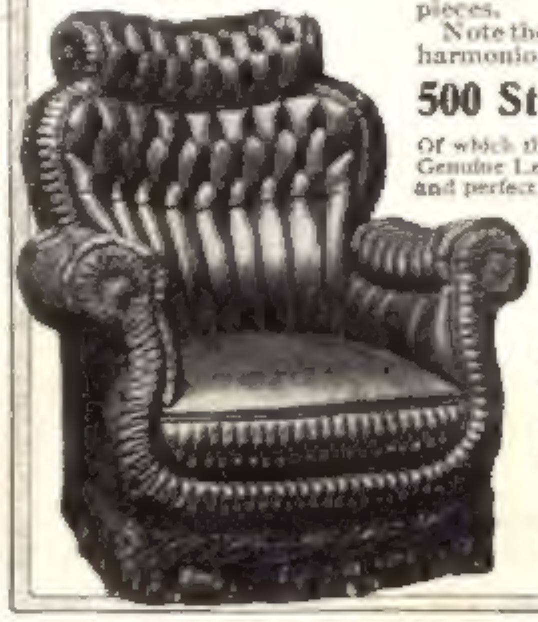

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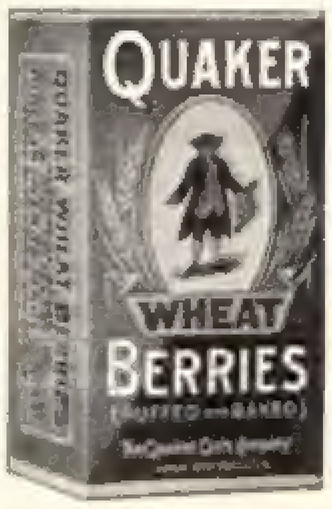

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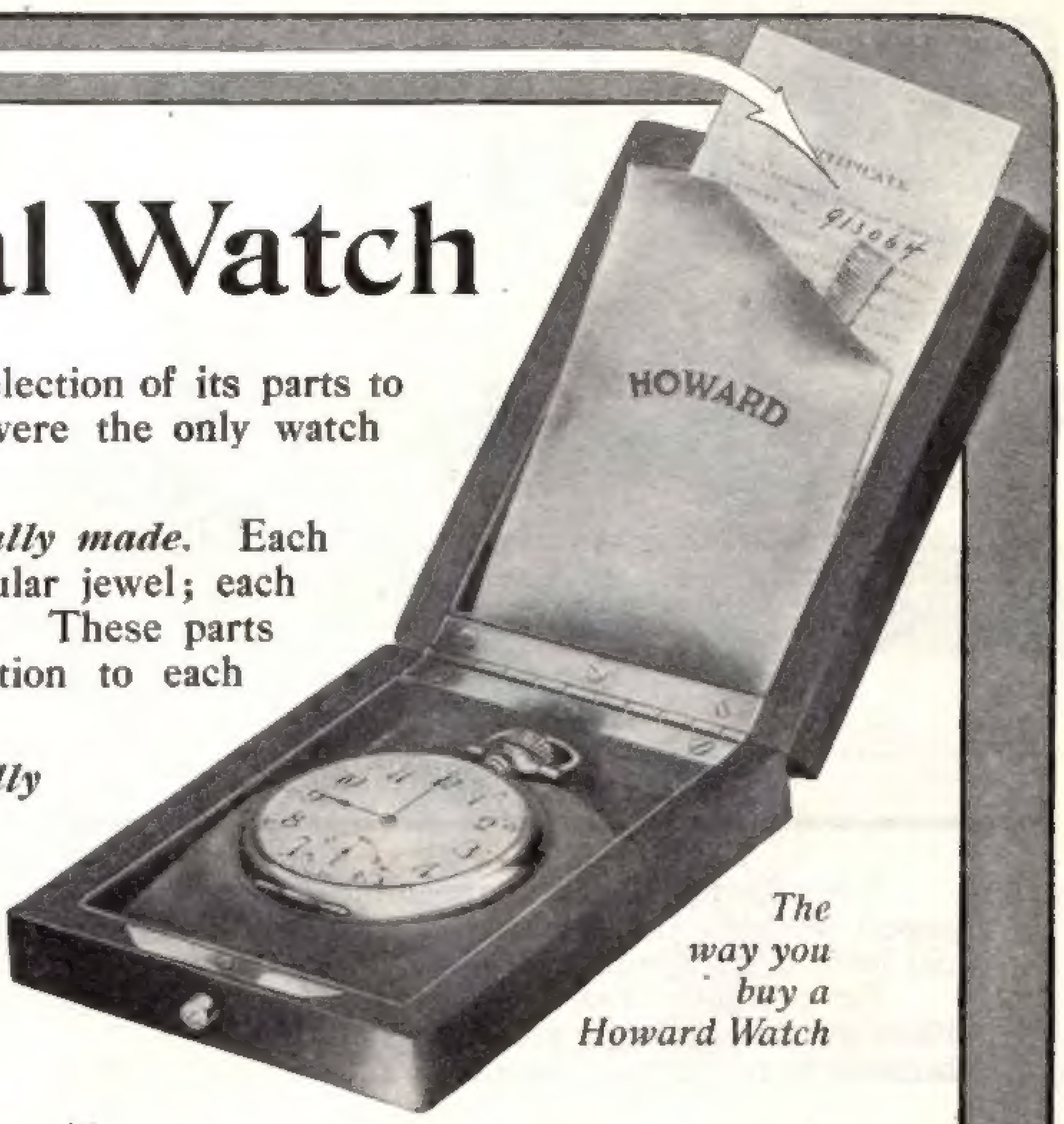

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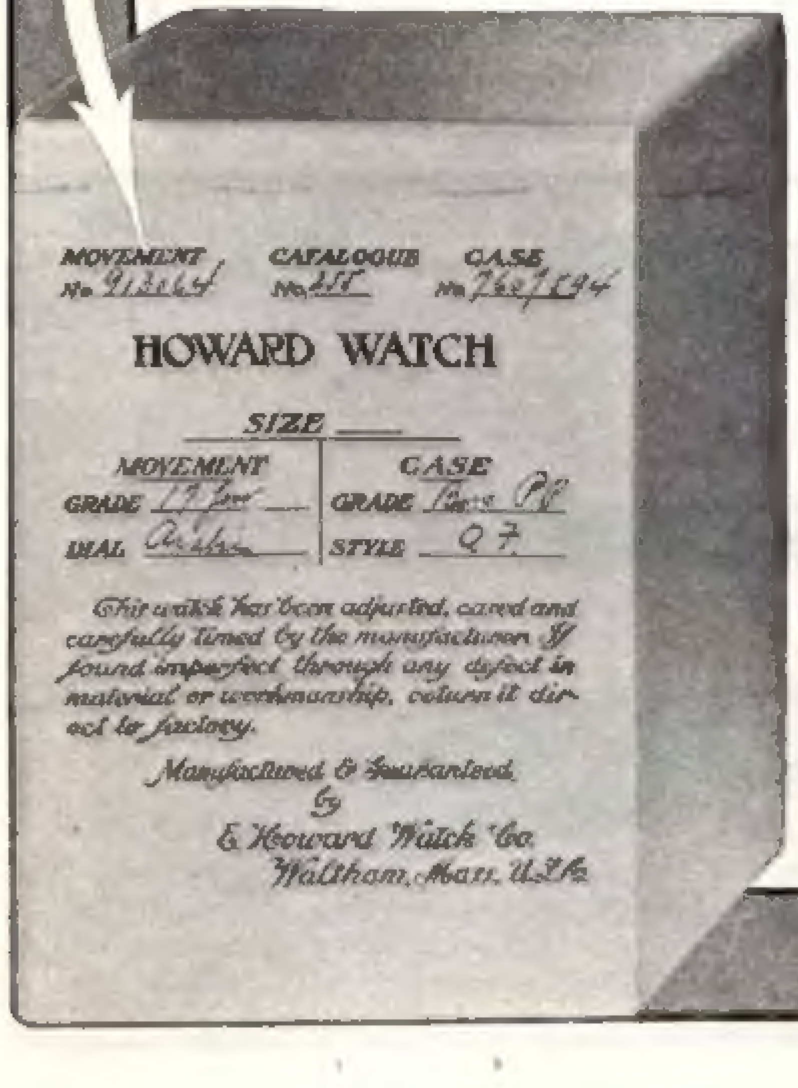

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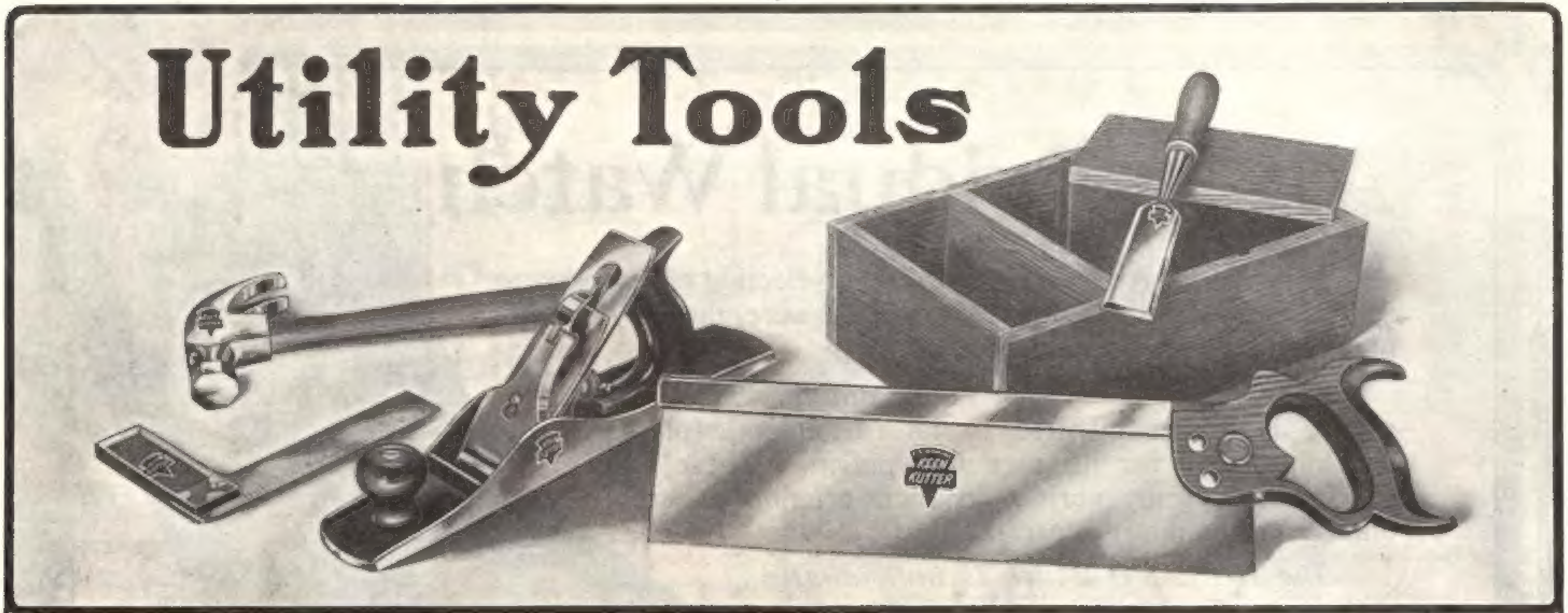

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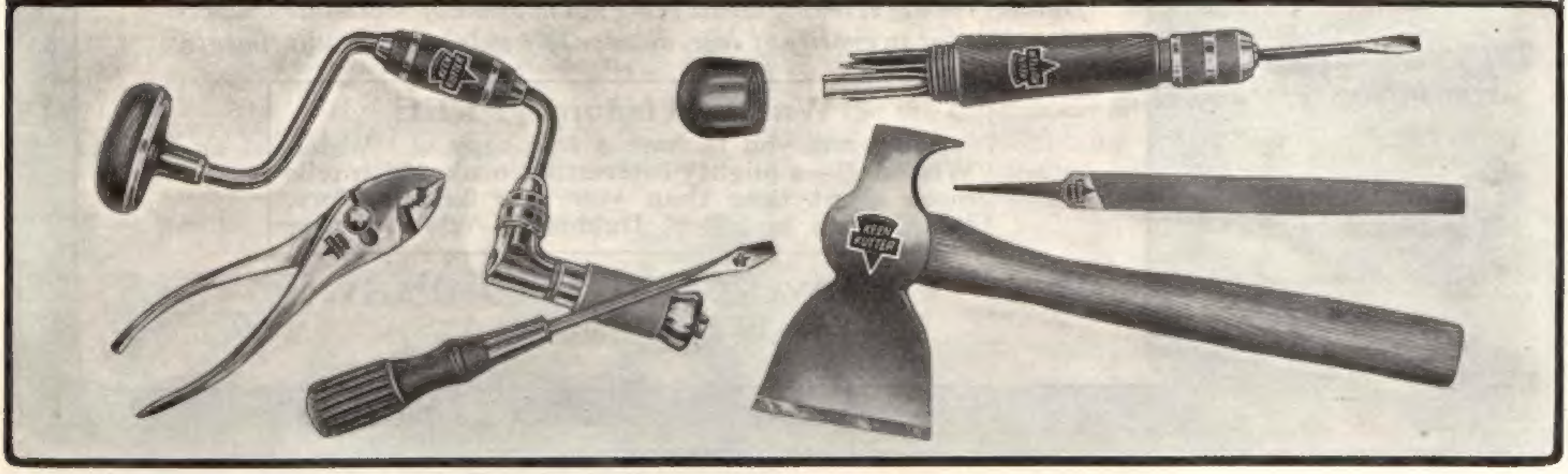

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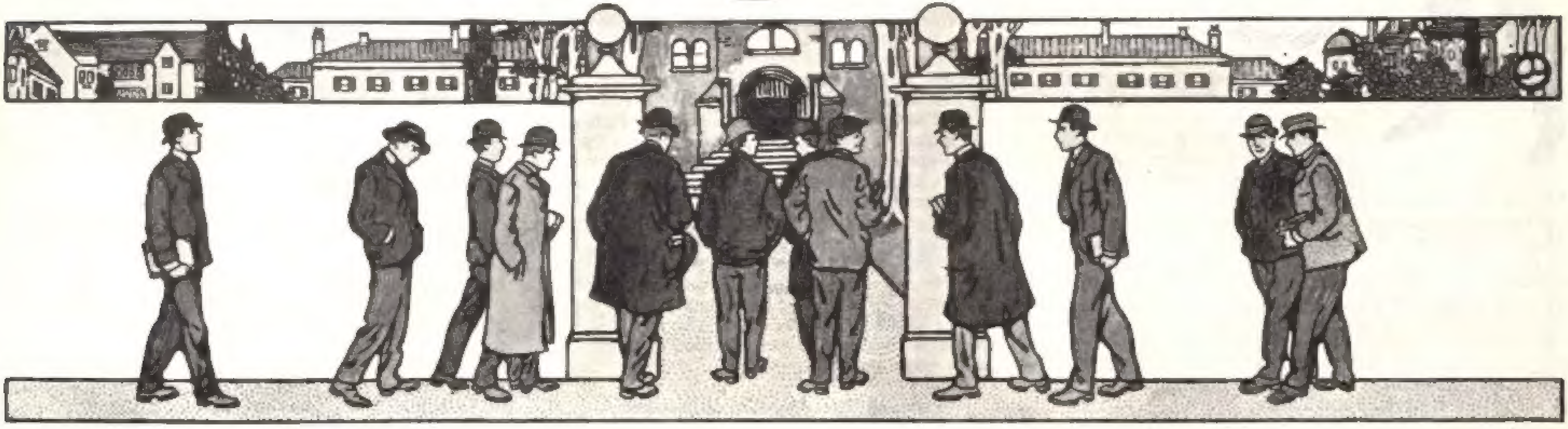
Which College for the Boy?



Wisconsin: the Utilitarian University

BY JOHN CORBIN

EASTERN educators were surprised, four years ago, when a member of the British Parliament, who had come to this country on the Moseley educational commission, the Honorable William Henry Jones, placed the University of Wisconsin in a list of our five leading institutions of learning, and excluded from the list Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania and Johns Hopkins.

Surprise changed to skepticism when he proceeded to state his opinion that Wisconsin stood above even the four other institutions which he named as of the first order—Harvard, Cornell, Michigan and California—being, in fact, the foremost University of the land.

Many of the reasons he gave for this opinion were vague and unconvincing. Wisconsin has no schools of architecture, medicine or theology.

But he was on firm ground when he said: "The University of Wisconsin is a wholesome product of a commonwealth of three millions of people; sane, industrial and progressive. It knits together the professions and labors; it makes the fine arts and the anvil one." This judgment touches the bed-rock of fact—highly characteristic fact.

The older institutions of the East are the product of two distinct currents of University tradition. Historically descended from the English Universities, their original aim was to educate mind and morals by means of the studies that are called liberal, as distinguished from those that are primarily scientific and technical. Their end was to produce cultivated gentlemen and high-minded practitioners of the learned professions. In the middle of the last century they encountered the German ideal of pure science, the end of which is to train the scholarly mind and to increase the sum of human knowledge, irrespective of its influence upon character or its application to the technique of industry. Upon the ideal of liberal education, in short, they superimposed that of original research. Their watchword is twofold—character and truth.

The State Universities of the West lay chief stress upon immediate practical results—the technique of industry. Foremost in devotion to this ideal is Wisconsin. Its watchword is utility. As President Van Hise has frequently expressed it, its aim is to make the University the instrument of the State. It is in this respect that Wisconsin ranks first among American institutions.

That it does so is the result of historical circumstances, which until recent years worked blindly, and, as even the University itself thought, most unfortunately. It was a case of graft in lands. By a wise provision of the Federal Government, tracts were apportioned throughout the West at the organization of the various States for the endowment of State Universities; and these grants were supplemented by the Morrill Act of 1862, which set aside lands, proportionate to the representation of each State in the Union, for the endowment of colleges teaching agriculture and the industrial arts. The trust was a noble one, and Wisconsin proved faithless to it.

It was an agricultural community. In the minds of the rustic fathers education was a wasteful luxury. The great need of the commonwealth, they thought, was population.

The Legislature sold the lands of both grants at less than one-half their market value at that time for the alleged purpose of attracting settlers.

The case was similar in most of the States of the Old Northwest. Michigan proved an honorable exception, husbanding its grants with wise foresight, and thereby winning primacy among the State Universities, both in wealth and in numbers. In the New Northwest several States, notably Washington and Idaho, have profited by her example. A single instance will illustrate how costly Wisconsin's course proved.

From the Morrill grants Cornell now receives an annual income of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars; Wisconsin, twelve thousand dollars.

The folly of the Wisconsin fathers did not stop here. It had been the wise intention of the Federal Government that the lands should be an endowment in perpetuity for the maintenance and development of the University, the States themselves supplying such funds as were necessary for buildings; but Wisconsin obliged its University to spend its endowment for buildings, reducing its income to a bagatelle. Retarded and enfeebled, the institution barely escaped confiscation. A movement to disband it and apply its funds to local sectarian colleges failed by the narrowest margin. Of all the great State Universities, Wisconsin is still the poorest in independent income.

What so narrowly missed being its destruction has proved the source of its present distinction. Living on the bounty of the State Legislature, it early learned the policy of producing results of such immediate utility as were most likely to impress the rural mind. In the phrase of a local satirist, its ideal became not culture, but agriculture.

Its first great achievement was a milk test invented by Professor Stephen M. Babcock, of the Agricultural School. This device enables farmer and dairyman to measure easily and accurately the proportion of butter-fat contained in the yield of each cow, and thus to pursue the breeding of cattle on a scientific basis, and the manufacture of butter and cheese with accuracy and speed. Together with the method of instantly separating the cream from each day's yield by means of centrifugal force, invented by Doctor De Laval, of Sweden, the Babcock test forms the basis of the immense coöperative industry of modern dairying.

It was estimated in 1900 that it saved the cheese factories, dairymen and farmers of Wisconsin alone eight hundred thousand dollars a year, or twice the current expenses of the University for all departments; and it is of proportionate value to every State of the Union, to every agricultural country of the world, from Switzerland to Australia.

Another Wisconsin invention, a curd test for detecting milk unsuitable for the manufacture of cheese, is said to save the people of the State each year more than the cost of the School of Agriculture.

By the study of plant pathology the University has developed valuable methods for exterminating fungus growths known as smuts and rusts—parasites which impair the health of grain. It has successfully combated potato rot and mildew of the grape. It has invented methods for killing noxious insects. By demonstrating the superior value of Swedish oats it has increased the annual production of the State by about two and a half million dollars. With a view to the new industry of denaturized alcohol, it has lately promoted the introduction of the German potato. It has made experiments to determine the capabilities of the various soils of the State and the advantages of different fertilizers. It has instituted bureaus to study the problem of draining vast marsh lands, and adapting to production extensive sandy wastes. Farmers' institutes, experimental orchards and demonstration farms in various parts of the State have given valuable object-lessons in the latest horticultural and agricultural methods. Pamphlets describing these are eagerly sought for by the farmers and distributed to the amazing number of eight million a year.

Other departments of the University, though they have been less successful in adding to the wealth of the State, are inspired by the same aim. The engineering schools have invented a method of thawing frozen pipes without digging them up, and a method of producing absolutely pure iron by electrolysis. When the new hydraulic laboratory was installed it turned its attention to the problem of pumping the water which is destroying the value of the lead and zinc mines of the southwestern portion of the State.

Though the University has no medical school, it is busy with the problem of eradicating unwholesome conditions, and hopes within a decade virtually to eliminate such infectious diseases as whooping-cough, measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, and to make great headway even against tuberculosis. Unable to provide clinics for the education of doctors, owing to its situation in a small city, it is putting the profession out of business by diminishing the crop of disease.

In connection with such labors, the University has taken up a work which President Van Hise calls "University extension at home." In the off season for farming, midwinter, is given a ten days' course of lectures and demonstrations in practical scientific farming,

the attendance at which mounted, in the first three years, from one hundred and seventy-five to over four hundred, and has still been steadily advancing, the pupils ranging from twenty-five to over seventy years of age. To interest the wives and daughters of these, the University established a "conference in household duties," which it is now intended to extend to all women of the State. The College of Engineering has followed this example by instituting a midsummer course for artisans and apprentices, designed to teach them the rudiments of the science of engineering. The instruction has been eagerly sought and pursued.

In a not dissimilar manner, the faculty, owing to the situation of the University in the State capital, is able to render valuable practical assistance to the legislators. Thus the committee at present framing a public utilities bill has enlisted Professor John R. Commons to advise it as to the economic wisdom of proposed measures, and Professor E. A. Gilman to pass on their constitutionality. No less than ten members of the faculty serve on State commissions, ranging from livestock sanitation to the taxation of the railways, real estate and mortgages. Professor McCarthy has organized a library bureau for the legislators, the purpose of which is to put them in touch with the books that throw light on any subject they may happen to have to deal with. In several cases the requisite information has been collected by students of economics and sociology, so that even the undergraduates have joined in the practical work of law-making.

The methods pursued in order to impress the agricultural legislator are sometimes strange enough, from the point of view of educators of the liberal and purely scientific type. In his latest biennial report, President Van Hise devotes a page and more to prove that professors engaged in writing books about their original investigation are not mere idlers wasting the funds of the State, but a valuable type of teacher. The report of the Dean of the College of Agriculture is enthusiastic over the discovery within the State of what he calls "the world's record cow," a bovine that produces yearly almost her own weight in butter, and on the next page promises the solution of "the all-absorbing question of the American farmer" by the invention of a machine for milking cows.

A prominent Eastern educator, famed for success in soliciting bequests, lately asked President Van Hise if he did not find it personally derogatory to be dependent for funds upon Solons from the farm. His answer—in effect, though not in precisely these words—was that tastes might differ, but he would rather hang by the whiskers of honest farmers than by the coat-tails of the predatory plutocrat.

This, at least, can be said: that he and his immediate predecessor have met a practical situation with statesmanlike wisdom and resource, and by so doing have evolved a great institution of a type as serviceable as it is new.

Whether Wisconsin is the leading American University may be questioned; but it seems fairly certain that it is the one most immediately in touch with the spirit and needs of our time. It used to be our patronizing custom to call the Japanese the Yankees of the East. The success which Wisconsin has met in adapting education to ends of immediate utility fairly entitles it to be called the Japan of the West; and it has gone a step beyond the island kingdom, for many of its advances have been the result of its own original experiments.

Studying to be a Farmer

THERE are two courses in the College of Agriculture, the "long course" of four years, and the "short course" of two winters' work for fourteen weeks each. For many years the graduates of the long course averaged no more than three. If the world at large thinks it quite unnecessary to study seriously in order to be a farmer, the farmers have in the past justified this poor opinion by thinking so, too. Even the short course was neglected.

Recent years have shown a marked advance in what the newspapers call agricultural intelligence. In 1905-6 the total number of short-course students was 304 and of long-course students 80. In 1906-7 the numbers were 322 and 136—a large proportional gain for thorough scientific training. The utility of the College of Engineering is more obvious, and its numbers proportionately greater, the attendance approximating 800.

The College of Letters and Science, granting the degree of Bachelor of Arts, has also a largely utilitarian bias. At the end of two years the student is supposed to choose his studies with a view to his work in life.

A man who intends to enter the ministry elects as his "major" subject Hebrew and Hellenistic Greek, and is encouraged to supplement this with social science or some of the other courses that anticipate the work of the theological seminary.

The intending lawyer concentrates on political science and jurisprudence.

The intending physician enters a "pre-medical" course—a highly coördinated scientific curriculum with biology as its centre.

A large plurality of students, especially women, are preparing to teach, and shape their studies to this end.

There is a course in "home economics," which centres in the chemistry of cooking, sanitation and house decoration, and is founded on a general study of chemistry, biology and bacteriology.

Curiously significant of the trend of the teaching are courses in pharmacy for intending druggists, and the course in commerce for business men. Based upon the College of Letters and Science is a graduate school, but even here the spirit of pure scholarship is less advanced than is desirable.

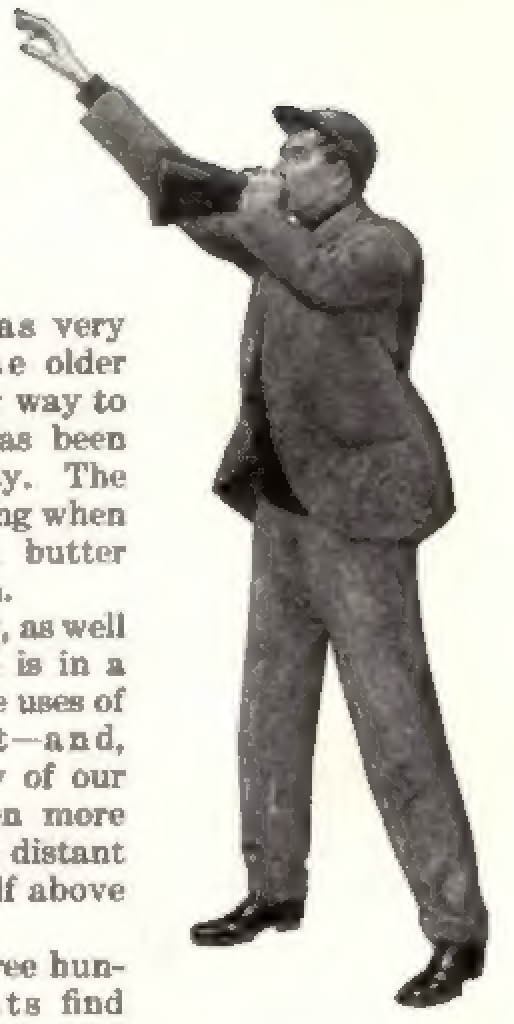
Resolutely as the University insists, however, on the directly utilitarian aspect of education, it has resisted any trivial ideal of "practicality." Purdue has a railway engine and makes its students run it up and down the track—deeply impressing prospective employers. Harvard is crying for a blast furnace. Wisconsin regards the undergraduate course as all too brief for a thorough grounding in science, and wisely leaves its students to gain practice in real workshops. Time and again it has insisted upon the value of merely scientific culture. The remedy for oat smut, much prized in the capital, was an indirect and casual result of investigations into the theory of the constituents of alcohol; and the celebrated milk test was a by-product of one of Professor Babcock's many non-utilitarian investigations.

Without Pomp or Circumstance

IN HIS inaugural address of 1904, which marked at once the beginning of his presidency and the fiftieth anniversary of the granting of the first University degrees, Doctor Van Hise laid splendid emphasis on this point. When Franklin went out into the fields to fly his kite, he said in effect, the figure he presented would scarcely have inspired a rural legislator to endow him with the funds of the State. Yet that experiment, with others as little promising of utility, has ended in opening up vast new sources of mechanical energy, in increasing mechanical efficiency and facilitating human labor, and in binding the whole world together in electrical sympathy without which our present hopes of industrial progress and peace among nations would be impossible. "If, half a century since, a legislator in France had wished to be humorous at the expense of the scientist, what better object of derision could he have found than his countryman, Pasteur, who was looking through a microscope at the minute forms of life, studying the nature and transformations of yeast and microbes? And yet from the studies of Pasteur and Koch and their successors have sprung the most beneficent discoveries which it has been the lot of man to bestow upon his fellow-men. The plagues of cholera and yellow fever are controlled; the word diphtheria no longer whitens the cheek of the parent; even tuberculosis is less dreaded and may soon be conquered; aseptic surgery performs marvelous operations which a few years ago would have been pronounced impossible. The human suffering thus alleviated is immeasurable."

One fact is fortunate for the hope that Wisconsin may develop the pursuit of truth for its own sake. The College of Letters and Science was the first department of the University—that is why the institution met such serious opposition—and it is still the largest, even aside from its rapidly growing graduate school. As fast as the Legislature permits both departments are to be strengthened on the side of pure culture. The progress is slow, but it bids fair to be sure.

The Law School has been almost completely made over according to the most advanced methods—those of the "Case System," developed at Harvard. Formerly, the law was regarded as an accomplished fact, a thing to be taught cut-and-dried from textbooks. The new idea is to regard it as an evolution, which is to be understood only by following it scientifically, case by case, through the legal experience of centuries. The old method is quicker and easier, and it produces lawyers who have at the outset considerably greater readiness and efficiency in ordinary court practice. It is still preferred at institutions which aim to establish their graduates as quickly as possible in a paying practice. Wisconsin does not extend utilitarianism as far as this. It has adopted the new method because it produces a far broader and deeper type of legal mind, and because in the long run its graduates are winning their way into positions of eminence—legal and judicial.



There are times when considerations of immediate utility seem to crush out the higher ideals of a University. To mention the milk test or oat smut to a professor in the College of Letters and Science is a lamentable error in tact. He feels shackled hand and foot by the cry for immediate results. Yet it is a good thing to make friends with one's bread and butter, and this the University has very ably done. Meantime the older order of legislator is giving way to the generation which has been educated at the University. The time should arrive before long when the question of bread and butter falls into its proper relation.

Residentially and socially, as well as intellectually, Wisconsin is in a way to find sweetness in the uses of adversity. In the past—and, indeed, in the present—few of our great institutions have been more unfortunate; but in the not distant future it bids fair to lift itself above them all.

Somewhat more than three hundred of the men-students find agreeable and profitable life in the fraternity houses; but the remaining two thousand and more have not a single dormitory, and moreover no social centre of any sort. They are scattered about the little city in boarding-houses, with few ties other than those of small cliques formed by chance acquaintance or the accident of living under the same roof. Two social clubs there are, the Yellow Helmet and the Monastics; but they are only a few years old, have no kitchen and no servants, and are deserted except for a few hours on occasional evenings.

The character of the men is that of the better element in the community from which they come—simple, frank, manly.

The moral life, I gathered, is rather exceptionally sound. There are not many vicious resorts in Madison, and such as exist are closed to students. Most of the fraternities have house rules of their own framing against malt and spirituous liquors. Once it was the custom to evade these by putting a case of beer on a shelf outside the house and drinking it with head sticking out of the window. Such evasions are no longer countenanced. Many fraternities forbid taking a freshman to a saloon. In the near future, I was told, the Legislature will prohibit saloons within three-quarters of a mile of the University.

There are souls, perhaps, to whom the manners of the students would savor overmuch of the howdy-rowdy. Personally, I am rather fond of the exuberant freshness of youth. In his inaugural address President Van Hise, whose sense of humor perhaps lacks subtlety, announced that the occasion would be celebrated, as was most fitting, by abolishing for that year all final examinations. Great was the joy of the undergraduates—until the President wrote a letter to the college paper, explaining that the remark was a joke. Then there was destruction of fences, burning of gates and a fine example of that rare Wisconsin institution, a nightshirt parade.

The Football Rebellion

A FEW years ago, when the faculty for a time abolished inter-'varsity football, the town awoke one morning to find written across the gymnasium in huge white characters the legend, PING-PONG HALL. The leading faculty abolitionists were hanged and burned in effigy, and in the light of the fire they made members of the eleven—one of them fullback on the all-Western team of the year—play marbles, while the crowd of students gathered about and gave the college yell with brazen lungs for every shot that was successful. I have seen far more violent disorder at Harvard and at Oxford with far less of the inspiration of satirical wit.

One of the things that delighted the Moseley commission with Wisconsin was its democratic tone. In one way the University is democratic. Where there is little or no social organization social distinctions are few. But such democracy—the much-lauded virtue of the new West—is natural, if not inevitable. It is a very different thing from the democracy that is sometimes found in old and well-organized communities. That has to be achieved, and is one of the rarest flowers of civilization.

The line between the fraternity and the non-fraternity elements is sharp, and the strife keen. It is a virtue for a fraternity man to know many of the so-called "barbs," but it is a virtue of necessity, for the "barbs" have the power of outvoting them in class elections, and have not infrequently exercised it. The claim of the fraternities, of course, is that they have carefully selected all the representative men; but where there is so little community life it is obvious that such a claim is false. Among two thousand there must be many good fellows and many potentially good athletes who are never discovered.

This evil is characteristic of all American Universities. Harvard, Yale and Princeton, for all their reputed distinction in the training of gentlemanly character, are shamefully ill-organized in their residential and social life. The origin of the difficulty is historical. In scarcely more than a generation, small and compact colleges of two or three hundred have expanded into multifarious Universities of three or four thousand. But the social order has remained the same.

Instead of living a concentrated life in campus or yard, and eating in comfort in a comparatively small hall, the students are at the worst no more fortunate than those at Wisconsin, and those whose lot is slightly better still feed in turbulent hordes at the college commons.

Memorial Hall at Harvard is a standing disgrace. There are most comfortable and inspiring societies and clubs, to be sure; but they are no better able than the Western fraternities are to sift out and make place for all representative and clubable men, and so to exert a favorable influence on the student body as a whole. They have become the perquisites of the favored few; instead of increasing their influence on the general life they have effectually shut themselves off from it.

Now, the things a fellow learns from books, lectures and laboratories form only a part, and, in the eyes of many, the smaller part, of a college education. Knowledge is power only when one knows how to use it; and, in order to make it efficient to any high end, it has to be backed by well-poised, well-mannered and forcible character. What a fellow learns is less important than what he becomes. An increasingly large proportion of the men graduated from our oldest institutions have never come under the influence of the atmosphere and the traditions of their so-called *alma mater*. They live a pale and a lonesome life, and leave the University well trained, perhaps, in their minds, but ill at ease in the world of men.

It is a matter of common observation that no one who has not gone through the college deserves to be called a Yale or a Harvard man—and the same remark might be made of many who have. Nothing could be more damaging to their character as institutions of higher education.

Some years ago, with the idea that the remedy lay in dividing the student body into communities after the English manner, I took up residence in an Oxford college. The incorporated college, with its separate endowment and its independent teaching body, is admitted, even in England, to be unfortunate, and is radically opposed to the American idea of a University. The ideal residential community is to be found in the predecessor and parent of the modern college—the democratic, independent and unendowed hall of the Middle Ages.

A Clean Slate for a Clean Sweep

THE University of Wisconsin is now in a position to build up its residential life by means of such halls. Unlike its more fortunate sisters in the East, it is not hampered by a partly adequate system of dormitories. It has a clean slate for a clean sweep of organization. President Van Hise has secured from the Legislature a grant of one hundred thousand dollars a year to this end, and has already a sketch of a series of halls, each one with its "common room," kitchen and dining-commons.

Though his project goes further than any other American University has yet gone, however, it seems to me to stop short of the logical and easily attainable thing to be desired. The halls, each with its dining-commons, are arranged in a series, about a single large yard, which is open on one side to the street. Now, the essential feature of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge—unquestionably the most perfect examples of residential life in all the Universities of the English-speaking world—is that each centres in a secluded quadrangle, entered from the street by the college gate. The aim is to make each community homogeneous, compact and complete, a social and athletic body which strongly feels its individuality, and nourishes a wholesome rivalry with all other colleges in the University. In deference to this aim, the undergraduates willingly submit to regulations which to the superficial view seem childish. Any man wishing to be out of college in the evening has to leave before nine, when the gate is closed; and if he stays out until midnight he suffers a fine of sixpence. Never is he allowed to be out after twelve.

The compensations for this restriction in liberty are ample. Every effort is made to include each freshman in the life of the community for the best interests of both. Second-year men call on him and invite him to breakfasts, where he meets other freshmen. The reputation of the college for hospitality demands this, and it is the best possible means of sifting material for the college clubs and athletic teams. Whatever the man's capacities, social, intellectual or athletic, the way is immediately opened for them. The atmosphere and traditions of the place make themselves immediately and powerfully felt. And the life in the college is an open door to the larger life of the institution as a whole.

For a Broader Outlook

IT IS not possible, even if it were desirable, to reproduce slavishly a foreign institution. In many details a hall at Wisconsin must differ from an English college. Yet this much can be said: that, in so far as it can be made a compact community, it will work for the good of the University as a whole by broadening and advancing the social and athletic life.

I had the pleasure of going over the subject in detail with President Van Hise, with the result that he admitted the advantages of the quadrangular hall, and expressed the intention of recommending it to the faculty and the undergraduates. Such a system might lessen the prestige of the fraternities, but only in so far as that prestige is unfortunate. It will always be in their power to maintain it by including all representative men, many of whom would naturally be chosen from the second and third year men in the halls.

Wisconsin is the paradise of the co-ed—a fact indicated, among other things, in the deferential habit of calling her, not co-ed, but woman-student. Days and days I spent trying to track down the co-educational problem, until I seemed, even to myself, to be the victim of an evil mind. There is no co-educational problem at Wisconsin. Members of the faculty, and among them recent arrivals from Eastern Universities, declared this in so many words. To the undergraduates—and I lived and took most of my meals at different fraternity houses—the only problem with regard to the woman-student seemed to be how to get nearer, or next. For there is only one woman to half a dozen men, and the most approved use of an idle hour appears to be what is called "fussing."

The unrestrained social intercourse natural to the West has full swing, and the result is, as always in a self-respecting community, a state of innocence which to any one from a highly chaperoned community seems little short of Arcadian. About a hundred of the young women room and dine in Chadbourne Hall. Another hundred live in sorority houses. The rest live in their own homes or board in student lodging-houses—some of them in houses partly occupied by men-students.

Until the present year there had been no dean of women. The new dean is trying, and with success, to prevent men and women students from living in the same houses.

The matter of chaperones is more difficult. Each of the sororities has a matron, but she is largely a figure-head. She has not even a position on the House Committee, so that, though she has responsibilities to the University, she has little or no authority over the students.

Buggy-riding flourishes. One of the undergraduates admitted to me that it was not unusual for parties of two and three couples to drive out to the several hotels on Lake Mendota for dinner. "I suppose," he added, "that that will seem to you horribly crude." On the contrary, it seemed like the Golden Age—or like my own boyhood in this same Middle West. I asked if a single couple ever went on such an expedition. He shook his head. The girl's own dignity, if not the traditions of the University, would forbid this.

When I put the same question to another undergraduate, he smiled and said that occasionally a couple would go forth to dine in single blessedness.

Yet I am convinced that no serious harm is done. Were engagements common? By no means. Sometimes gossiping souls would allege that a couple were engaged—or if not that they ought to be. But no engagements were announced except, in most cases, as the immediate prelude to student marriages, which are rare. And this was wise, one informant told me; for then if the young woman went home and married a man in her native town no one could prove that she was unduly experienced, or that the undergraduate had been jilted.

And this leads to the only thing approaching a co-educational problem. Though men and women are of much the same age, there is a radical difference in their situation in life.

The women are in a position to be married, but the men are not in a position to marry them, as regards either age or worldly goods.

The women, arriving from farm, village or city, regard their life in the University as a social coming out—their first and perhaps only chance for a real good time.

To the men the University is a place of preparation for the serious work of life and for manly comradeships and sports.

It is a part of the plans of the President to build residential halls for the young women, also.

Such halls should assist the dean of women in dignifying the office of chaperon. If experience shows that dining out by single couples is inadvisable it should not prove impossible to foster a community sentiment against it.

Wisconsin's Good Fortune

NO UNIVERSITY is more fortunate than Wisconsin in its site. The ideal location, it has been said, is a town of character and importance that is yet not large enough to dominate or absorb the undergraduate life. Madison is the capital of the State, and the undergraduates come easily and, on the whole, wholesomely in touch with the political life of the country. The social and intellectual life of the town is of a very high quality. Good music comes often.

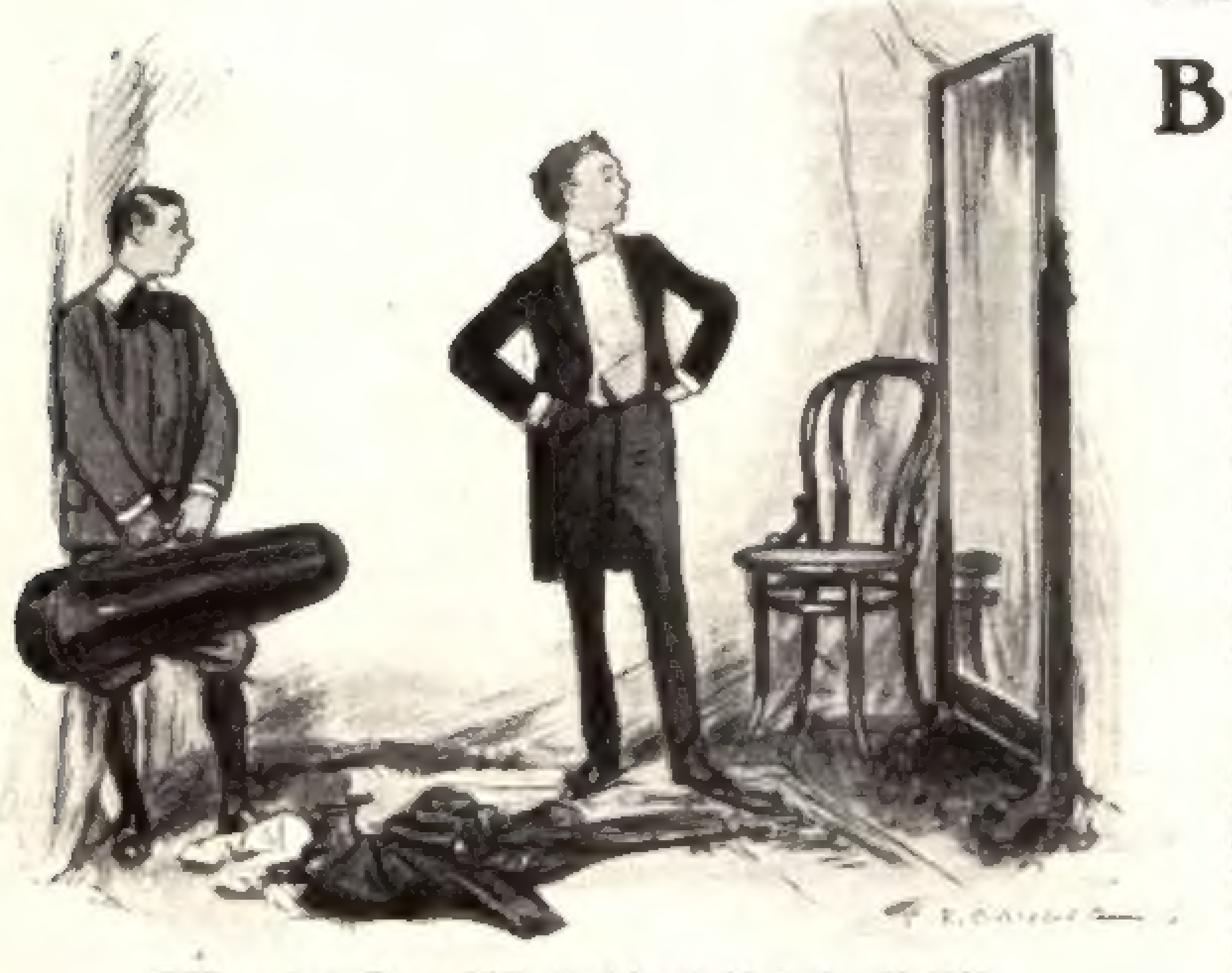
The undergraduates deny that they call the University the Princeton of the West; but they are ready to admit that others have so dubbed it. The four lakes of Madison, magically set among wooded, rolling country, give the place a beauty unrivalled among Eastern Universities. Longfellow once wrote a poem about those lakes, though he had never seen them. Imagine then the rapture of those who live on their shores.

Editor's Note—This is the first of Mr. Corbin's series of papers on American Colleges. In an early number he will write of the University of Chicago.

The Hoodwinking of Apollo

An Instrument of Torture in the Domestic Symphony

By William Chester Estabrook



"What a Lady-Buzzer!" He Exclaimed with Pardonable Pride

FOR a weary year, Apollo, in the guise of old Professor Blum, who wheezed when he counted time, sought for ways that might lead to the heart of James Roscoe McBride, Junior—and all in vain.

The first half-term, James watered his five-finger exercises with copious tears, but finding that weeping in no way interfered with the proper use of his hands—and it was with the proper use of the hands that Blum seemed most interested—he refrained from further briny protestations and contented himself with turning a dry, stern face to every blandishment of the Art Divine.

During the crying period, the distracted Blum once appealed to Mrs. McBride, who listened impatiently and was chiefly concerned lest the bi-weekly grief of her little son should spot the keys of the two-thousand-dollar concert grand.

Then Blum tried McBride, whom he met one morning at the door, but: "Good Lord, man!" cried that money-mad broker, "don't bother me about Jimmie's music lessons! Just give 'em to him! That's what I pay you for, isn't it?" and rushed out to his waiting car.

So the big, perspiring Blum and the little, cool boy fought their battles alone in the lonely, over-decorated music-room, until Blum surrendered suddenly and unexpectedly.

"Gott in Himmel! Vot's der use? Vot *is* der use?" he cried helplessly.

Jimmy smiled the same old smile that for a twelvemonth had driven Blum wild, and kept fumbling the lower tetrachord of the D-minor scale as purposely as he had fumbled every other task his teacher had assigned him.

"You care nuddings for what I say! Your mudder cares nuddings! Your fadder cares nuddings! Und—I vash der whole tam pizness mit my hands!" roared the disgusted musician, and took a fuming, final departure.

During the following six months that Apollo ceased his importunings a great peace filled the heart of James Roscoe McBride, Junior. But the hard-earned rest ended after the manner of its beginning, suddenly and unexpectedly. James Roscoe McBride, Senior, was ill for the first time in ten years, and, like most men who are ill but once in a decade, he proceeded to pour the vials of his indigestion upon the innocent heads of his family. So a black, coffin-shaped box was delivered at McBride's house and James Roscoe was curtly informed that he was to be "tried on the violin."

The tedious victory over Blum was to count for nothing, then! He could scarcely believe it.

James Roscoe McBride, Senior, who was still homebound, harrowed his son's soul with the details of his prospective deliverance into the hands of one Alessandro Martinelli, professor of harmony and violin; and the morning of the day the big car came as usual for its convalescent owner, Jimmy was started Martinelliward, his coffin-shaped box dangling disconsolately about his reluctant legs.

James Roscoe, Junior, pushed his carfare into the pocket of his immaculate knickers and plunged boldly forward as the crow flies, through dirty alleys and across cluttered lots.

He was trudging along behind a chortling ice-wagon when the music of a mouth-organ sounded close at hand, and brought him up with a savage grin. Even here, in the grime and dirt and smell, was Apollo!

The body through which the god of the muses made his manifestation was little larger than Jimmy's own, and was topped by a dilapidated old hat, under the flapping edges of which there showed a fringe of bright red hair. Instead of the freckles which usually accompany such hirsute adornment, however, was a skin as clear and unsplotched as a girl's, while the eyes that met Jimmy's over the alley fence were light blue, with a dash of gray that, at times, lent them a strange pathos.

"Where ye goin' with yer fiddle?" was the question dropped down upon Jimmy, who had stopped and was returning look for look.

"Martinelli's," replied Jimmy briefly.

"The dago's down to Vivian Court? He's a whale on the fiddle. I heard him play oncet at The Fresh Air." The boy assumed a still more difficult position with reference to the post on which he sat, and put up the organ to his mouth. "Say, he was a peach!" he continued admiringly. "He throwed it into 'em somethin' like this." With tremendous contortions of mouth and puffing of cheeks he gave a startlingly good imitation of something which Martinelli could not have disowned.

"What's the use of shaking your fingers like that when there aren't any keys to it?" asked Jimmy, whose unmusical soul had been more impressed by the motions of the performance than by its sound.

"Ain't yer never been to a show?" asked the boy, wiping the harp with professional nonchalance. "It's the style. Ain't ye never heard them singers at the theatre, ner them fiddlers, nuther? Sure, Mike, music's all got ter be shook. Don't ye shake it on yer fiddle?"

"I don't know anything about my fiddle yet," admitted Jimmy.

He set his violin-case against the fence and looked into the yard—a tiny square, littered with unbelievable rubbish. At its opposite side, hugging the base of the big building that overshadowed it, was a diminutive, weather-beaten brick shed which might have served for a coal-house before the revolution in heating methods. A line of drying clothes flapped cheerfully from the middle of the yard.

"Me ole woman hits the tub," explained the other boy, following Jimmy's brown eyes with his gray ones.

At the moment a venerable white goat strayed listlessly from behind a pile of boards and approached them.

"Gee!" said James Roscoe McBride with the first trace of enthusiasm, "what a nice goat! I've always wanted one."

"All right, I'll sell you that un," said the boy promptly.

"The coachman says they smell things up so," observed Jimmy dubiously.

"Coachman!" repeated the other boy, and his big eyes encompassed Jimmy's finery with sudden hungriness, while the flash of gray in them flared and seemed to spread through the blue, darkening them and aging them uncannily. He slipped the mouth-organ into his pocket and reached over the fence to caress the leather violin-box, while the goat came odorously near to Jimmy, who stretched an eager arm through and rubbed his horns.

The red-haired boy tightened his fingers about the shining leather and tested the weight of the box daintily. "I allus was stuck on fiddles," he said wistfully.

"Why don't you get one, then?"

A grim smile flashed across the little face. "Sure, w'y don't I? W'y don't I git a autymobile? Cause I ain't got the stuff."

Jimmy regarded him curiously for a moment, then went on rubbing the goat's horns.

"What's his name?" he asked.

"Me ole woman calls 'im The Growler, 'cause she's allus chasin' 'im," he replied listlessly.

Then, while James Roscoe McBride, Junior, was lending himself to the fascinations of the goat, he lifted the violin gently over the fence, and slipping the catch had the instrument in his hands.

A long-drawn whistle of admiration escaped him, and Jimmy, who had not had the curiosity to take the violin from the case, turned and eyed his *bête noire* for the first time.

The gray had all vanished from the red-haired boy's eyes now, and only the blue of the sky remained. How the caress of the smooth, slender neck of the violin charmed him! How the wonderful sheen of the satiny back dazzled him, and how the intuition of what lay within its magic strings thrilled him! In the single instant of the first contact he knew a poignant pleasure that was never to be experienced by James Roscoe McBride, Junior, despite the toilsome efforts of a hundred Blums and Martinellis. In his short, starved life he had come to love music because there had been so little else to love and because it was "in him."

It needed but the voice of the beautiful instrument to set the seal upon Reddy Munce's thraldom. When he plucked the strings softly and it spoke to him in mellow, vibrant monosyllables he surrendered blindly to its spell, and, slipping the bow from its case, tucked the violin under his chin and began to feel his precarious way over the first three notes of Home, Sweet Home, testing his tones by much advancing and retreating after the manner of a tight-rope walker before the initial feat. His blue eyes closed dreamily, and Hogan's Alley and the squalor thereof were forgotten.

After a long time, in which Jimmy had not minded because of the goat, he lowered the instrument and put it back in the case—and with it his own music-hungry little heart.

"Gee! you're a lucky one," he sighed.

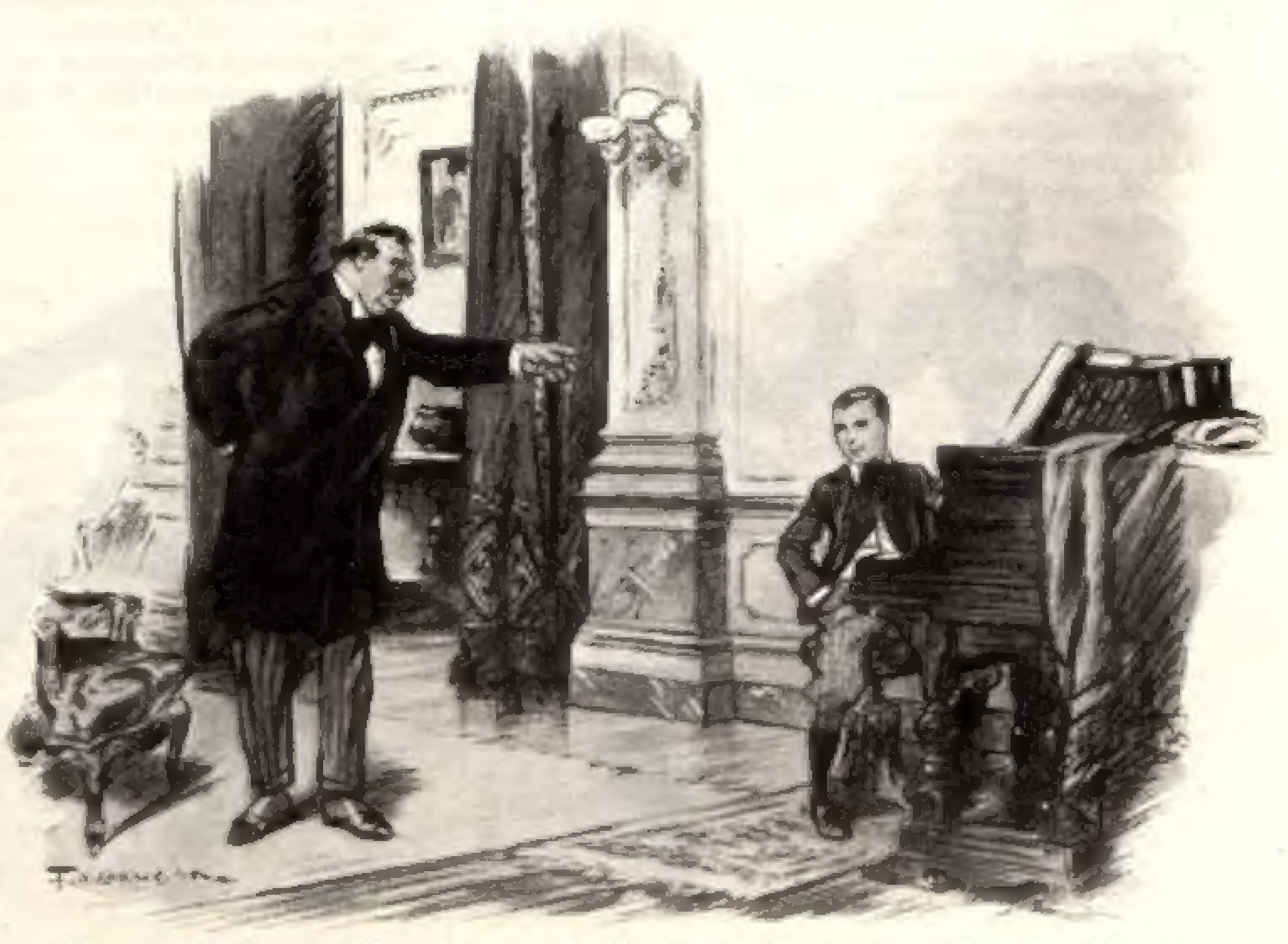
"I won't learn the old thing, so I won't!" declared James Roscoe McBride, Junior, hotly. "They tried to make me learn on the piano, but I wouldn't, and I won't learn this, either!"

A strange look came to Reddy's face. A lightning thought found lodgment under his frowzy skull and stuck there persistently. He gulped twice against its utterance and then yielded ingloriously to its temptation.

"Say, kid," he began eagerly, "say, if ye're sich dead nuts 'gainst goin' down to 'Nelli's, wot's the matter of me goin' fer ye? Jist once, ye know. The dago'd never know the difference. I'd tell 'im I's you."

Jimmy's brown eyes were dilating.

"Pshaw, but he'd know the difference," he said doubtfully.



"You Care Nuddings for What I Say! Your Mudder Cares Nuddings! Your Fadder Cares Nuddings!"

"Sure, and he wouldn't! He ain't never seen either one of us, has he?"

"Look at your clothes!"

For a moment Reddy stared woefully at his ragged trousers; then he cried with sudden hopefulness: "I've got another pair. Wait!"

He dashed into the house and out again at once with a pair of second-hand ready-mades which were evidently once worn by a much larger boy, but with Jimmy's "lid" on his head and Jimmy's coat on his back the transformation was fairly satisfactory.

"Don't forget the name," urged Jimmy nervously: "James Roscoe McBride, Junior. Tell him your papa telephoned him about lessons. And you'd better clean your finger-nails." This was a last precaution which was always thrown after *him*, and he added it as he climbed into the soap-box cart and, hatless and coatless, put the patriarchal goat through a drill that was altogether new to the genus Capra, while Reddy Munce gripped the violin and scurried down the alley toward Vivian Court.

And Apollo, whose loss, after all, was a tremendous gain, must have winked and chuckled triumphantly.

History repeats itself nowhere more persistently than in the downfall of men—and boys. For many months Jimmy McBride pretended to take the car to Martinelli's, when in reality he trudged through the dirt to Hogan's Alley, where every Monday and Thursday morning he bestowed his name, his violin, and as much of his personality as was contained in his coat and hat upon that vicarious but most willing sacrifice to music, Reddy Munce.

It really seemed a most fortunate arrangement all round. Reddy lived in a fairy haze of happiness, Martinelli was in transports over his "find," and the elder McBride paid the bills as uncomplainingly as if the money were spent on his own fastidious self, while for Jimmy life was once more worth the candle. He came to view the fruits of his deception with prideful complacency. In those easy, languid moments when he lounged in his own room and listened indifferently to Reddy—whom he had smuggled in—practicing for him, or in those more joyous and exciting ones when, rigged out in Reddy's ragged coat and old hat, he charged the line of flapping clothes with The Growler, no presentiment came to him of a possible cataclysm.

He was at peace with the world, was James Roscoe McBride, Junior.

Mrs. McBride was a large, baby-faced blonde, who had the appearance of being terribly overfed. Thus that placidity of mein which is the solace and last resort of most large women was not hers. Like all women who play the social game to the limit, she fostered whatever the society columns were pleased to call her "many interests." Among these charity was not the least. Mrs. McBride took her charities as seriously as she did her breakfast foods, which is to say that she was intensely interested in whatsoever ones were best advertised.

It was little wonder, then, with all the papers clamoring for more money for the Weak Waitresses' Outing Fund, that she should have had her inspiration, which was nothing less than the conception of a juvenile minstrel show to be given for charity's sake by the exclusive children of her exclusive neighborhood.

Vague intimations of the threatened function came to Jimmy, but his worst fears were confirmed the night the Bishop came to dine.

"Our own little son is to render the second number on the program, a violin solo," gurgled Mrs. McBride, beaming with a warmth which, because of its infrequency, made Jimmy feel peculiarly torrid.

The Bishop smiled benignly and murmured a compliment, while Jimmy choked, spluttered, and vanished in his napkin.

When he emerged from the snowy folds there was a pathetic droop to the corners of his mouth and his brown eyes were big with trouble.

"Signor Martinelli," went on his mother, "has been secured to look after the instrumental end. I drove down to see him this afternoon. The Signor was warm in his praises of our little James. But fancy his saying that so many musical geniuses had red hair. As if our darling's ——"

Jimmy had risen and was standing beside his chair. One of the formal excuses taught him for an occasion like this trembled on his lips, but more eloquent was the clever placing of his hand over the region of his stomach, and the look of excruciating pain he summoned. His mother rang at once for the nurse, who led him from the room, and, after deluging him with some burning stuff, left him in the darkness of his own chamber, where, snuggled under the covers, he wept tears of disgust.

The next morning he carried the news to his confrère in Hogan's Alley, and all the blue in Reddy's eyes turned gray when he heard.

"It's just my luck," he gulped. "I might 'a' knowed somethin' would butt in."

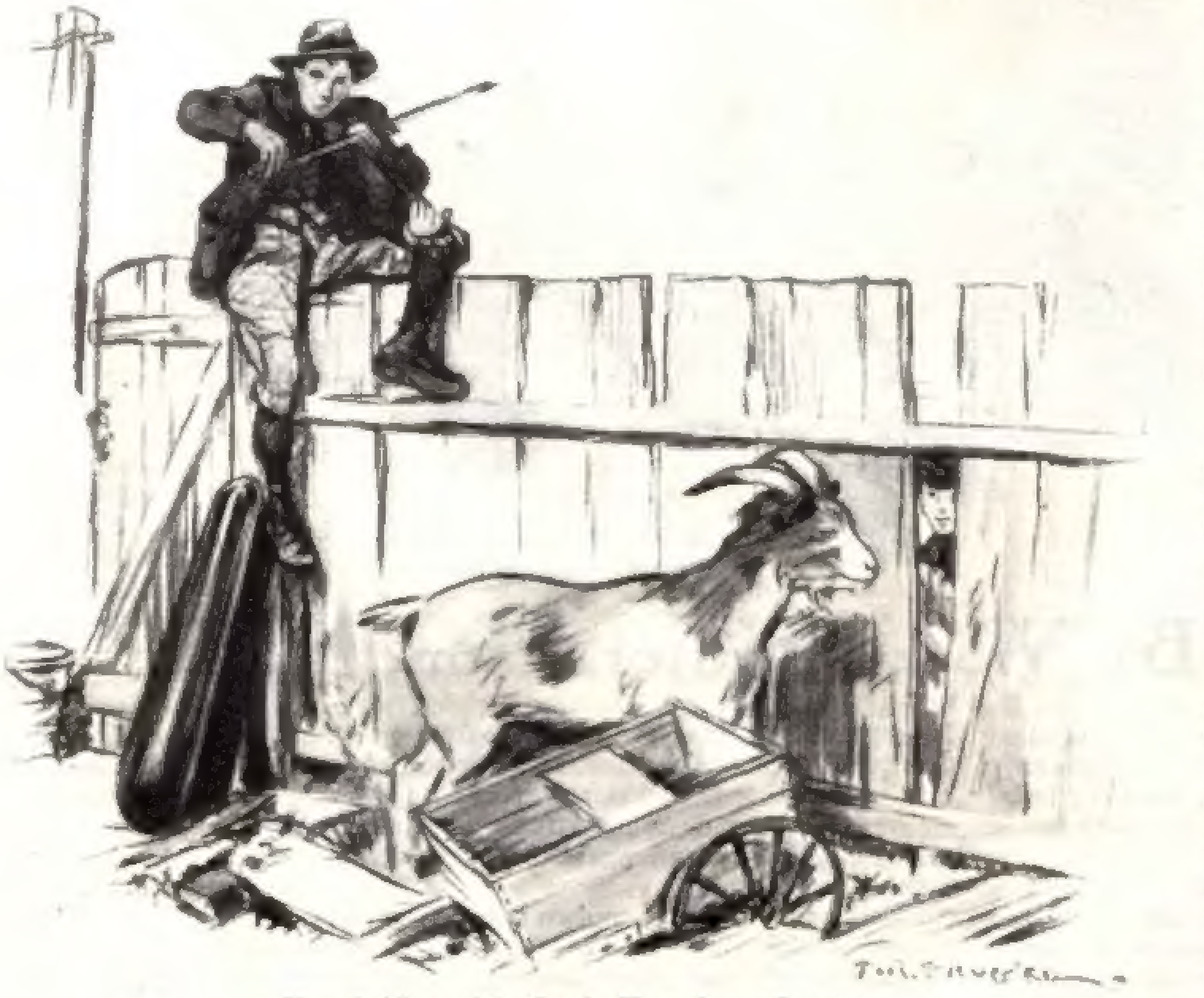
"What about *me?*" demanded James Roscoe McBride, Junior, with a suspicious tremor in his voice.

Reddy Munce put his quick wits to work on the solution of that problem, the clouds looming black on his own horizon, for unless he could find a way out for Jimmy an exposure was inevitable, and that meant an end to the only thing that had ever brightened his desolate little life.

Long after Jimmy had taken his forlorn departure, Reddy sat on his favorite post, glaring solemnly but ineffectually upon his squalid surroundings.

That night, after James Roscoe had gone to his room, however, a weird but triumphant whistle brought him quickly below, where, crouching in the shadows of the rear lawn, was Reddy Munce, his face eager and glowing.

"Say, if it's a minstrel show they'll black up, won't they? Well, what's the matter with us that we didn't see how easy it'll be?" Reddy rolled on the grass and sat up grinning. "It's so dead easy it's a shame to take their money. Listen, kid."



Hogan's Alley and the Squalor Thereof were Forgotten

. . . .

A scantling, the edge of a curtain and a detached piece of evergreen trimming contrived a triangular opening through which Reddy Munce glimpsed occasional vistas of fairyland. Hundreds of varicolored electric globes dazzled his eyes, the persistent murmur of many voices assailed his ears, and the fragrance of banks of flowers, mingled with the perfume of ravishing costumes, tickled his nostrils. The minstrel show was to be given on the spacious lawn of the McBrides, under canvas, as especially planned by Mrs. McBride.

From the comparative darkness of the street came the noisy chug-chug of arriving automobiles and the clatter of carriages depositing their occupants. Exquisite creatures whom Reddy Munce could scarcely believe were women, with their escorts, entered the temporary but wonderfully effective auditorium, and were seated by boy ushers no larger than he, each a miniature swell in the glory of evening clothes. Across the wedge-shaped scene there occasionally trotted a large, baby-faced woman who constantly nodded and smiled, and gave greetings and commands. The excited chatter of many children, overtopped by the voices of coaches and directors, was heard from the stage, and once the squeak of a violin sounded from a remote corner, and he heard Martinelli delivering some one a dago spiel.

It was the familiar tones of the Italian that brought him out of his trance, and the awakening was like all awakenings from those dreams that are pleasanter than anything life has ever held for us. He felt a sudden bitter isolation, the aching loneliness of a homesick stranger in a vast throng. He was faint with the undreamt-of splendor of the scene, and the magnitude of the task he had set himself now appalled him.

"Hully gee!" he muttered fearsomely "Wouldn't it jar ye, me buttin' in on a layout like this? I guess nit! Back to Hogan's Alley fer *me!*"

He was lying under the folds of a heavy curtain that screened the last of a long row of improvised dressing-rooms built across the back lawn. It was the room Jimmy had insisted on having with a vigor that might have excited suspicion in a less worthy cause.

Softly he lifted the drapery that concealed him and peered out: two servants who had been detailed, since his arrival, to guard the stage from the rear were walking back and forth within a few feet of the dressing-room. He ducked under the cover and on the instant heard some one call him. Then Jimmy poked the fat fold of the curtain vigorously, and he disengaged himself and rolled within.

"Say," said he at once, "I can't stand fer the job. It's too silky fer me." His eyes were big with wonder and his face wry with his own cowardice. "I'm sorry, but I can't do it, kid."

"But you've got to!" huskily cried the terrified James Roscoe. "You got me into this!"

There was a portent of tears in the accusation. It had been a week of heartbreaking strenuousness for the poor boy: he had even spent the last two days in bed with a pretended illness to evade the dress rehearsals that threatened to wreck their plans, and only the fact that he was on for a solo and that Reddy had done himself proud at the last lesson enabled him to escape the clutches of Martinelli. And now Reddy was going to upset everything in this outrageous fashion!

"You've got to do it," urged James Roscoe sternly. "Besides, you won't mind after you get blacked up and these things on." Seductively he displayed the armful of clothes he had brought with him, spreading them out on a chair that their eloquence might speak for itself.

Never had Reddy's fingers touched such beautiful garments. There was a little swallow-tail coat, and a low-cut waistcoat, and trousers that seemed able to stand alone; there were glistening patent-leather pumps, and a white shirt, and a white cravat and gold-linked cuffs, and a snowy collar!

"Try them on once," insisted Jimmy. "You'll have plenty of time to take them off before the man comes to fix you, if you're afraid."

Reddy hesitated, but the memory of how Jimmy's every-day coat felt made him an easy victim. He slipped out of his patched clothes into the broadcloth ones with encouraging celerity, and when he had finished, and stood before the mirror, the Reddy Munce who faced him took his breath away.

"What a lady-buzzer!" he exclaimed, with pardonable pride.

The orchestra suddenly crashed out the overture and the noise of the opening chorus massing on the stage was heard.

"Here, you, number two!" cried a big, fat man, bursting into the canvas stall, and before Reddy could utter a remonstrance a towel was about his neck, a woolly wig was thrust over his head, and a pair of plump, practiced hands began to smear and daub his face. He got just one chance to use his eyes during the process of being made up, but they failed to reveal to him either Jimmy or his own discarded clothes.

When he had been manipulated to breathlessness, another businesslike individual took him in tow, and, ordering him to get his violin ready, led him to the wings where, actuated perhaps by former experiences with stage-frightened children, he held him till the last note of the opening chorus had died away in a volley of applause.

"Go on, now, and don't be scared," the man said, and pushed him boldly out.

For a moment he seemed drowning in a sea of colored light, with hundreds of upturned faces swimming before him. His heart stopped beating and a blind terror seized him. A ripple of applause greeted him and Martinelli trotted past him to the piano and sounded A.

The note revived him like a dash of cold water in the face. Mechanically he altered his pitch, tuned lightly, and, after a soft word of encouragement from his master, began to play.

What had been selected for him was neither difficult nor unhackneyed, but it profited by the indescribable quality of the lad's playing—a quality that quickly quieted his audience and then captured it. Although he was but a fledgling there was a verve and daring in his short flights that made them irresistible.

When he finished and backed off the stage, instead of the conventional patter that might have been started out of

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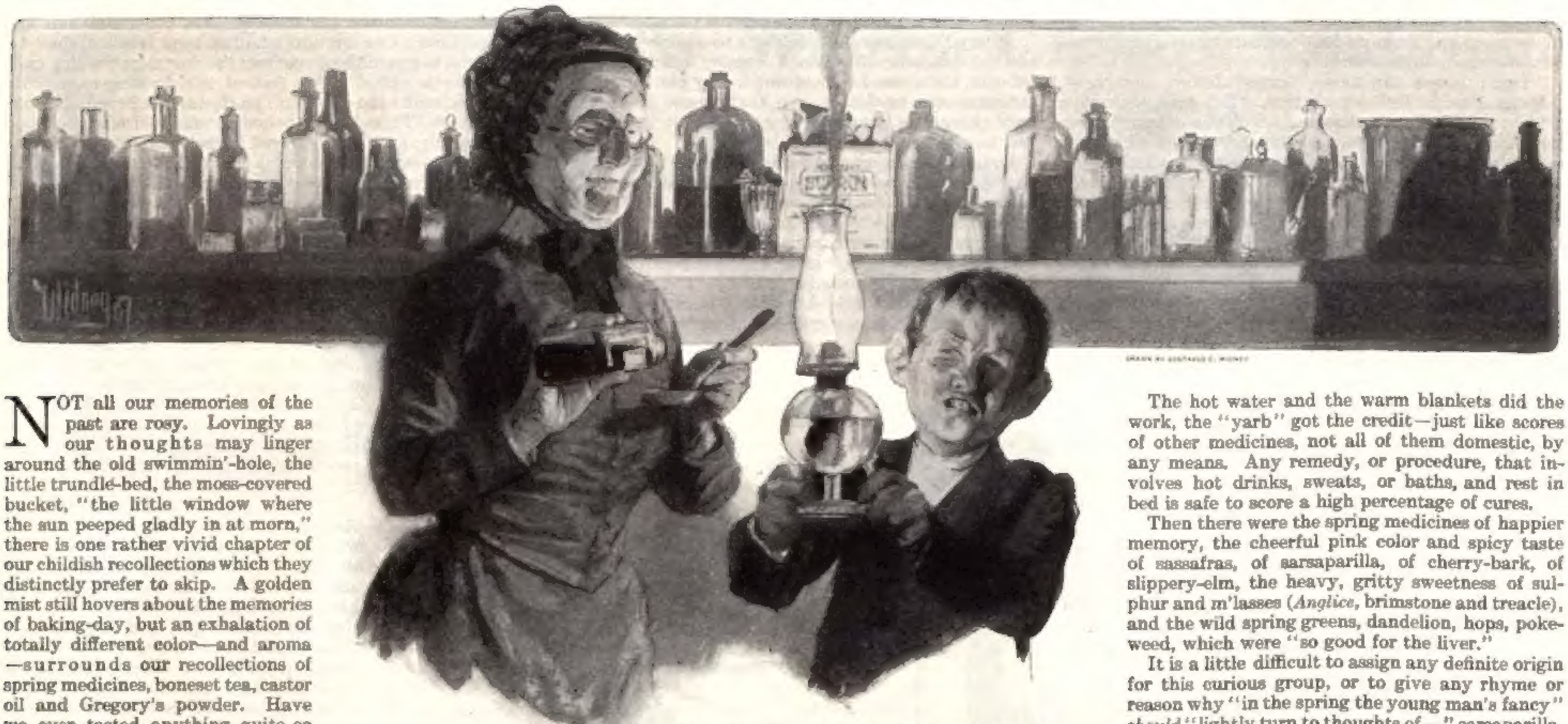
HOME DOCTORING

Some Uses, Abuses and Fallacies of Household Medicine

By Woods Hutchinson, M. D.



"Makes No Difference How Bad He is, Within Twenty Minutes of the Time He's Tuck it, He's Well"

NOT all our memories of the past are rosy. Lovingly as our thoughts may linger around the old swimmin'-hole, the little trundle-bed, the moss-covered bucket, "the little window where the sun peeped gladly in at morn," there is one rather vivid chapter of our childish recollections which they distinctly prefer to skip. A golden mist still hovers about the memories of baking-day, but an exhalation of totally different color—and aroma—surrounds our recollections of spring medicines, boneset tea, castor oil and Gregory's powder. Have we ever tasted anything quite so nasty since?

And the bitterer they were the better, the more confidence was felt in them. One of Frank Stockton's delightful mothers-in-Israel had such a remedy, which had never failed her. It always cured Jabez, no matter what ailed him. "Makes no difference how bad he is, within twenty minutes of the time he's tuck it, he's well; wouldn't know anythin' wuz the matter of him 'ceptin' a bitter taste in his mouth."

Nor was this bitterness a mere accident. On the contrary, it throws an interesting light upon the origin not merely of household remedies but of medicines in general.

The earliest conception of disease of which our savage ancestors were capable was unquestionably the old, familiar one of demoniac possession. Even to this day the language of the sick-room is full of traces of it. The patient is "attacked" by pneumonia, is "seized" with a chill, "throws off" a cold or "is thrown into" a convulsion, should "feed" a fever and "starve" a cold, is "threatened" with typhoid. Disease is a personality, to be avoided, fought, conquered, frightened into leaving.

Driving Out the Disease Demon

TO DRIVE out this demon are naturally and logically employed the horrid noises and incantations, the beatings and poundings, not only of tom-toms, but of the luckless patient himself, of savage medicine, the horrible smokes and vapors, the nauseous messes and bitter drafts, the violent extremes of the steam-hut and the ice-plunge, the drastic emetics and purges—anything to make the place too hot for the bad spirit.

Of the tom-toms nothing remains save an occasional sentimental vaporing about the cure of mental diseases by sweet music, of the poundings and punchings only the "bone-setters" and the rougher parts of osteopathy, of the smokes and vapors only incense and assafetida, the classic burnt-feathers and smelling-salts, but of the nauseous messes, bitters and purges a whole brood of everyday remedies, ranging from boneset to the bitters of our pharmacopœia, and from "seeny" tea to calomel.

Domestic medicine, being an echo of the regular medicine of a century or two ago, naturally retains more of these bitter and nauseous survivals. No need of proof, to any one who remembers his own experiences, that household remedies are of demonic origin in more senses than one. Their taste proves their pedigree. Among the ignorant, whether in the slums of our large cities or in remote rural districts, no medicine inspires much confidence unless it be either bitter or nauseous.

In my student days in a London hospital we had in the pharmacy a large demijohn of a mixture known as "The Dead-Shot." It was compounded as follows: Into it were thrown all the odds and ends of drugs left over from making up other formulas, then a handful each of aloes, cinchona bark (crude quinine) and assafetida and a pint of tincture of capsicum were added, and the carboy filled up with water.

This made a tonic of gorgeous potency, smelling to high Heaven, which would pucker your mouth clear down to the diaphragm and make your eyes water for twenty minutes after taking—but had absolutely no special therapeutic effect and was perfectly harmless.

Whenever one of the old chronic medicine-takers, the sort who enjoyed ill-health and came to the dispensary chiefly for the pleasure of talking over their symptoms—and there are scores of such among the poorest as well as among the rich—began to get troublesome and complain that their medicine wasn't doing them any good, "didn't seem to have no stren'th to it," the "Dead-Shot" was prescribed.

Its effects were always good. Either it drove the malingerers away entirely or they would come back delighted to brag of its effects: "That's somethin' *like* a med'cin'. I could just *feel* it take hold!" "Why didn't you gimme that before, doctor?"

But is this the only value possessed by bitters of all sorts? By no means. Used indiscriminately at first, just because they *were* bitter, certain of them gradually were found to have positive curative properties, in certain conditions: such as quinine in ague, aloes in constipation, strychnine and caffeine in depression, opium for the relief of pain, gentian in loss of appetite. The fittest and most useful survived and were gradually assigned to their proper places in the treatment of disease. Others were found so poisonous or so irritating that they were given up entirely, though I have several times heard an infusion of peach leaves, containing a dangerous amount of prussic acid, warmly recommended as a sovereign home remedy for ague.

The Tea Race with Sister Sue

YOU will remember there was a virtue in quantity. The more you could drink the more good it would do you. Trifling rewards were offered for cups above so many, or a generous rivalry in bibulousness between Sister Sue and yourself was encouraged. You drank till you felt like bursting, then you were put to bed in hot blankets and, oh, how you did sw—pardon me—perspire! When you woke next morning your cold was gone, or at least "real loose."

The hot water and the warm blankets did the work, the "yarb" got the credit—just like scores of other medicines, not all of them domestic, by any means. Any remedy, or procedure, that involves hot drinks, sweats, or baths, and rest in bed is safe to score a high percentage of cures.

Then there were the spring medicines of happier memory, the cheerful pink color and spicy taste of sassafras, of sarsaparilla, of cherry-bark, of slippery-elm, the heavy, gritty sweetness of sulphur and m'lasses (*Anglice*, brimstone and treacle), and the wild spring greens, dandelion, hops, pokeweed, which were "so good for the liver."

It is a little difficult to assign any definite origin for this curious group, or to give any rhyme or reason why "in the spring the young man's fancy" *should* "lightly turn to thoughts of—" sarsaparilla. Most of them are as absolutely inert as rose-water, and can at best be described as simply harmless and comforting. How the impression ever arose that they or any other kind of medicine were habitually required at this time of year seems hard to conjecture.

A vague popular feeling appears to have been in the air in all ages that a fast, a spare diet, and vegetable infusions in the place of strong liquors, are desirable at this time of the year. An explanation quite commonly given by those who use them is that they "thin the blood."

The Spring Bark-and-Root Hunger

NO ONE who has not experienced it can conceive of the tremendous and ravenous hunger for green stuff, fresh fruit, or anything approaching them, which comes on in the late winter and early spring months on farm diet. There have been no vegetables except potatoes, and perhaps sauerkraut, for months. The apples have given out soon after New Year's, and, until the fashion of canning fruits came in, there was little or nothing to take their place. This was also the time of the keenest pinch of hunger for primitive man, when game was scarcest and his little hoard of nuts and berries most likely to be exhausted. No doubt in the spring he was habitually driven to eat bark, roots, leaves, anything that he could get; and it is barely possible that in these fragrant teas made from the spiciest and least bitter of the barks and roots we may have a sort of memorial service over the remains of the savage primeval spring bark-and-root hunger.

Certainly, with the spread of the methods of canning fruits and vegetables, and particularly since the introduction of that priceless vegetable-fruit which keeps tart and fresh even though canned, the whole year round, the tomato, and the use of the hotbed, or even the importation of Southern-grown lettuce and radishes, the spring-medicine habit has rapidly waned. As a shrewd old farmer's wife remarked to me twenty years ago, "*I* find pie-plant's the best spring medicine for my folks."

In other communities the spring-medicine idea seems to have taken a form based on the belief that there have accumulated in the body during the winter a mass of waste materials popularly known as bile, spleen, janders, and that something was necessary to get this out of the system, said something usually being in the form of a more or less drastic purgative. But the necessity for this, if it ever existed, has, of course, also entirely disappeared with the vast improvement in modern diet.

This, however, brings us naturally to the sheet-anchor of the home physician—laxatives. These again have a very interesting history, the same mingling of an utterly irrational origin with a gradually restricted rational use. Primarily there is no question but that they were all of one piece with the tom-tom and the bitter draft, namely, for the purpose of making an evil spirit so uncomfortable that he would leave the patient, or, by a crude literalization of metaphor, to actually sweep him out of the body.

Even to this day this is the attitude toward them of a considerable element of the more ignorant classes of our community. Their first instinct, when they feel themselves out of sorts in any way, is to take something that will "get it out of their systems."

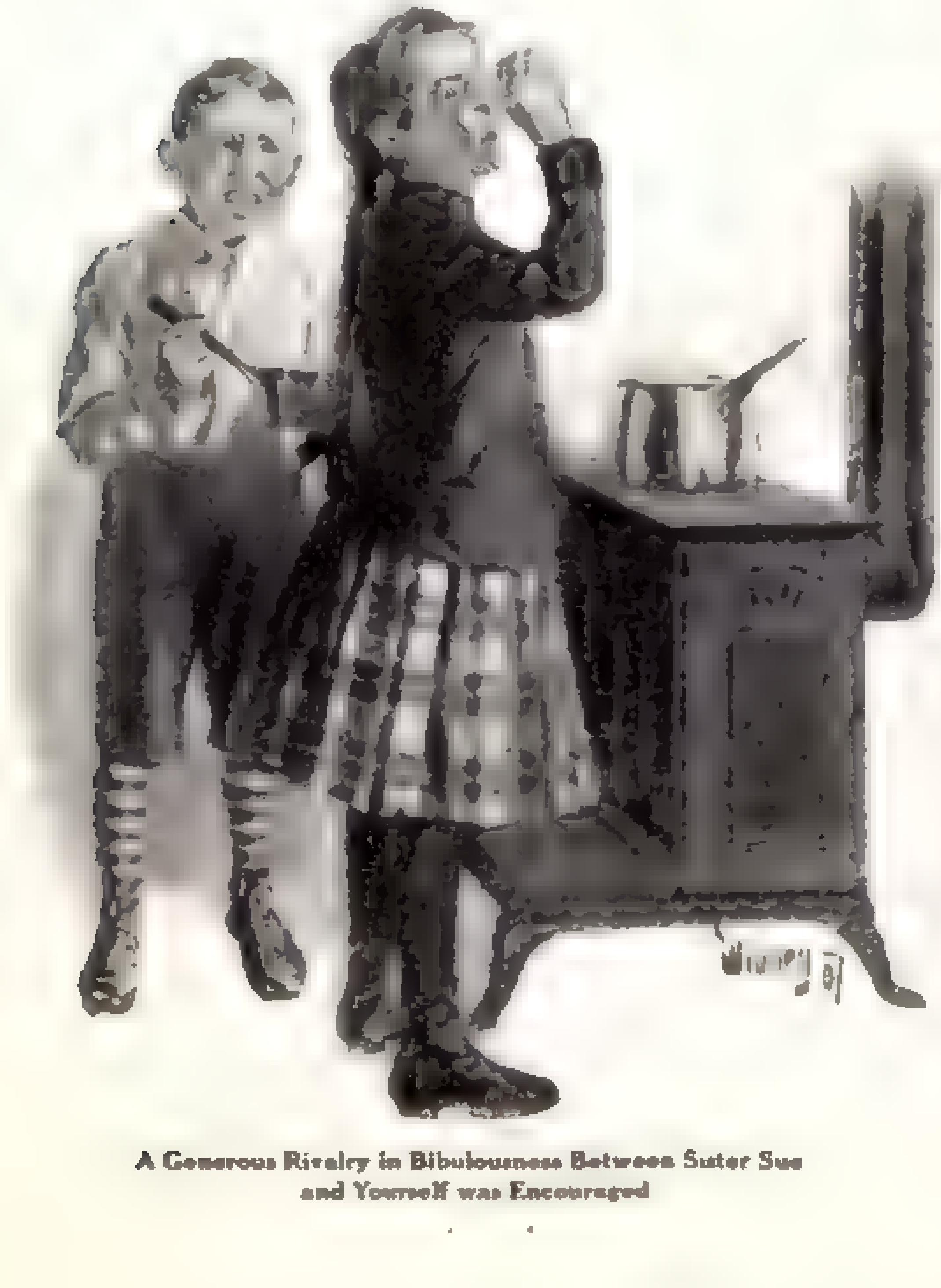
I have often heard my colleagues who happened to practice in Scandinavian communities of the Middle West say that, if you didn't give a Norwegian farmer a powerful laxative, he didn't think you were any doctor at all. I have come across this feeling hundreds of times in the country districts, both East and West. In fact, it is always advisable, before prescribing a laxative, to inquire whether the patient has not already taken one, no matter what the disease may be. I can well remember hearing a colleague most bitterly criticised by the friends and relatives of a Welsh miner, who succumbed to his injuries two or three days after being frightfully burned in a mine explosion, because he had not given the victim any purgative to "take the fire out of his system." If he had done so the patient would certainly have recovered, in their opinion.

There is nothing in all her household medicine-chest upon which the Wise Woman of the neighborhood will dwell more lovingly than the virtues and the conquests of her favorite laxative, whatever it may be. The feeling is the same in Occident or Orient, and has never been more delightfully phrased than by the shrewd old Hindoo grandmother in Kipling's Kim, who speaks in terms of wonder and admiration of an astonishing pill given to her by Hurree Chunder Sen, which was "of the tiniest, oh, scarce a millet-seed, so small one could hardly see it; yet once swallowed it wrought like a devil unchained!"

More Harm Done Than Good

PRIMARILY, speed and vigor of action being the chief desiderata, the most drastic and even dangerous remedies were not merely used, but actually preferred: croton oil, gamboge, elaterium, dram doses of calomel and half-pound doses of salts. These, of course, did the maximum of harm with the minimum of good in both lay and professional hands, and were gradually either completely discarded or enormously reduced in dosage. Great as has been the improvement, by the introduction of milder remedies and the use of comparatively insignificant doses, laxatives still play far too large a part in medicine, both household and professional. They have a field of usefulness which is both wide and important, but the blind belief in their value as a preliminary measure under all sorts of conditions is rapidly dying out. How widespread this confidence in them was at one time is amusingly illustrated to this day in the experience which has been had scores of times by every practicing physician as to the effect of pills.

Pills were originally invented for the administration of laxatives only, covering up their bitter taste. This, of course, could not be done with the pure bitters or bitter tonics, as an important part of their virtue was believed to reside in the taste. Hence, bitters and laxatives being far the most common medicines, anything which was in pill form was supposed to be purgative.



A Generous Rivalry in Bibulousness Between Sister Sue and Yourself was Encouraged

To this day if you give the average patient a pill, especially if it be black, and to be taken at bedtime, he is almost certain to think that he is taking a laxative. Indeed, I have heard colleagues assert that all that was necessary was to administer one or two black pills at bedtime, regardless of what they might contain, to get such an effect.

Peace to the memory of the old home laxatives! They had their uses, and still have, within proper limitations, and out of the ruck of them have emerged many valuable and fashionable modern remedies, like cascara, podophyllin, euonymin and aloin.

The Virtue of Oils and Greases

NEXT in the affections of the house-mother after her bitters and her laxatives came her oils and liniments. They were a rich and unctuous group, and their perfumes were hardly those of sachet powder: Goose-grease with an onion boiled in it, or, better still, fried and dropped in hot; chicken fat; bears' grease; rarer and more wondrously effective, skunk-oil, secured at Heaven knows what risk to clothing and noses; and crown jewel of the assortment, rattlesnake oil. Nor were their virtues restricted to the comparatively narrow field of the modern liniment: sprains, bruises or swollen joints. Rubbed on the chest, they were a sovereign remedy for croup or bronchitis, rubbed on the back they would cure the whooping-cough, put on the soles of a child's feet they would prevent night-sweats. As for rheumatism or bruises, just show me the case that they would not cure within five applications!

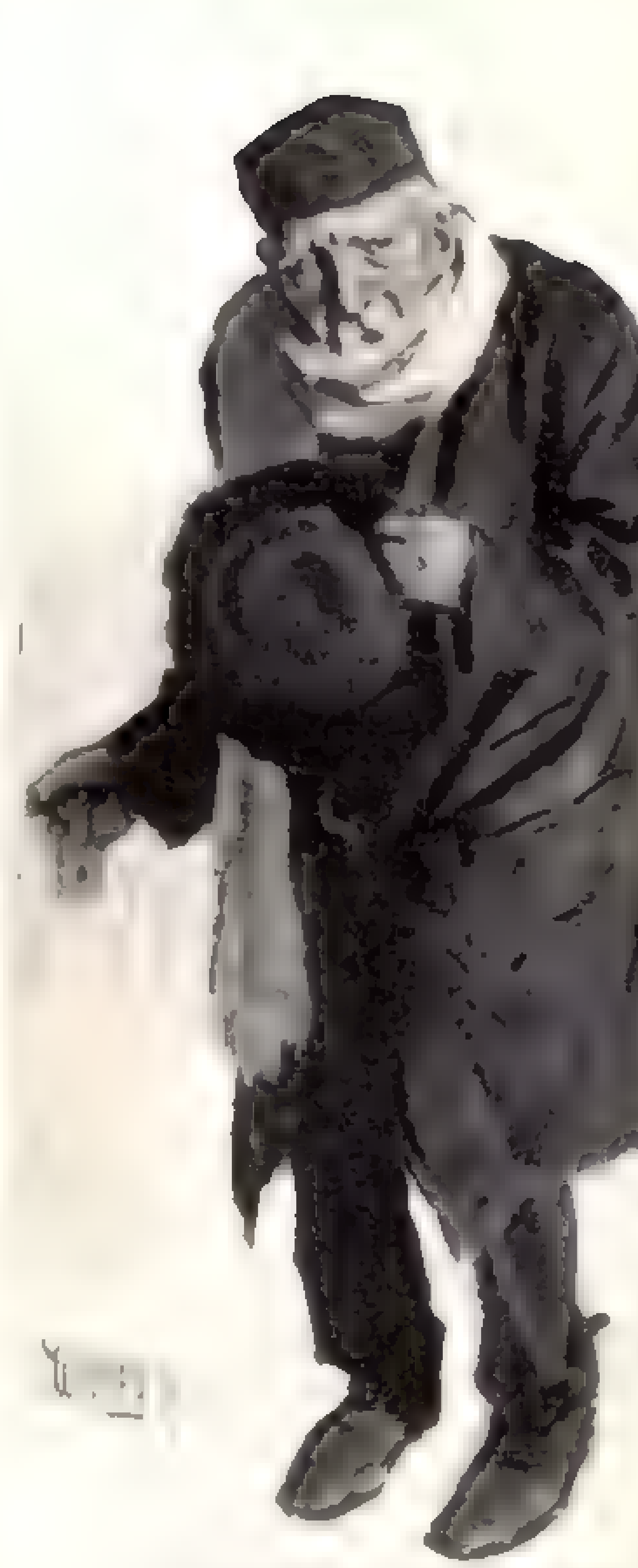
Now, there is no question that they can point to thousands of cures to their credit, but widely remote as may be their origins and extraordinary their character, they had one thing in common, they all had to be "rubbed in thoroughly," and the more thorough and tireless the rubbing, the more completely the oil was made to disappear, the better would be the results. In fact, their virtues were solely due to the vigorous massage which accompanied their use. It was believed at one time that this industrious "rubbing in" caused them to be absorbed, and of course, in the crude logic of the peasant, oil rubbed into a stiff joint might naturally be expected to lubricate it somewhat. This is now known to be a delusion, as practically nothing can be absorbed through the human skin. All remedies which are administered by "rubbing in" are now known to be volatilized by the heat of the body and their vapor inhaled through the nose and mouth. An interesting illustration of this is given in the use of the oils already alluded to, namely, either those which had a strong aromatic odor of their own, or were impregnated by means of onions, turpentine, "camfire" and ammonia. Such benefit as they might give when rubbed on the chest or back of the patient suffering from lung trouble was due to their aromatic element being volatilized and inhaled into the lungs of the patient.

We must not forget the poultices, warm, soft, clinging; what relief they did give to the aching muscle or the throbbing joint! Their name also was legion. Linseed, bran, slippery-elm, hops, potato, bread-and-milk—anything that could be made into a pulp so as to retain moisture and heat.

The poultice-makers had their flights of the imagination as well as the poets. A very common dressing in the country districts for either a fresh wound or abscess is a large quid of fine-cut tobacco, affectionately chewed and bound upon the part. If it happened to be an unbroken abscess, boil or swelling, no particular harm was done, but if it were an open wound, absorption of the tobacco might take place in alarming amounts; and serious symptoms of nicotine poisoning have been reported from all over the country from this cause, and even one or two deaths.

Occasionally a little bit of the old, demoniac tendency to use the *outré* or the disgusting crops out, as in the case of the familiar poultice of barnyard manure, which almost every one has heard suggested, and the firm belief in very remote regions that a black chicken or cat, killed and split open while still warm, makes a splendid application to a rheumatic joint.

I remember in the early days of my practice a small boy who was brought into my office by his mother, to have an abscess on his finger looked at. I attempted to remove the home-dressing which he was wearing, and, after getting off the outside layer, found myself confronted by a brown, sticky, slippery mass in which the thumb was completely imbedded. It had a curiously fruity smell which seemed familiar, and, on turning to the mother, I found that one of her neighbors had advised her to thrust the affected thumb into the centre of a rotten apple and then bind that on, which she had religiously done. As a poultice it was a great success, for I do not think I ever saw a larger felon on so small a thumb.



"That's Somethin' *Like* a Med'cin'. I Could Just *Feel* it Take Hold!"

But alas! the poultice must go the way of the fairies. Soothing and comforting as they were before the days of antiseptics, modern science will have none of them. While they relieve pain, they encourage the growth of the micro-organisms which produce inflammation, and their effect is usually to either turn a simple inflammatory swelling into an abscess, or to make a small abscess develop into a larger one. Not only that, but they soften the surrounding surface, and furnish a splendid hotbed for the streptococcus to both grow in and travel under to other portions of the skin.

Many and many a time do we see a single boil, for instance, which has been poulticed, followed by a crop of secondary boils, which have sprung up all around the first one, under the sheltering cover of the poultice. The modern antiseptic dressing, with an evaporating lotion, not only puts a stop to all this, but gives even greater comfort and quicker relief.

Remedies of the Superstitious

NO DOUBT the mere mention of these remedies has stirred up in your memory the recollection of scores of others, some of them, perhaps, explicable upon some curious ancestral or directly utilitarian ground, others of them the purest of freaks, with no apparent relation to anything else in the heavens above or in the earth beneath. Some seem to depend for their virtue upon being *outré* and extraordinary as possible, such as the drinking of warm blood as a cure for consumption, the eating of a roasted mouse as a cure for rickets, the swallowing of a little pellet of cobwebs to stop the spitting of blood, the free application, internally or externally, of garlic, onions, assafetida or ammonia for all sorts of disorders.

Some of these have very curious and interesting histories into which space forbids us to enter. One, however, has such a singular connection that I cannot forbear to mention it, and that is, the great universal "blood purifier," clover tea. This has received a fresh notoriety of late years by being brought forward as a remedy for no less terrible a scourge than cancer. As usually made, it is as absolutely inert as an infusion of hay or corn husks, and can be drunk by the quart or the gallon without any danger whatever save that of drowning. Its sole standing as a remedy is a ritual, not to say ecclesiastic, one, due

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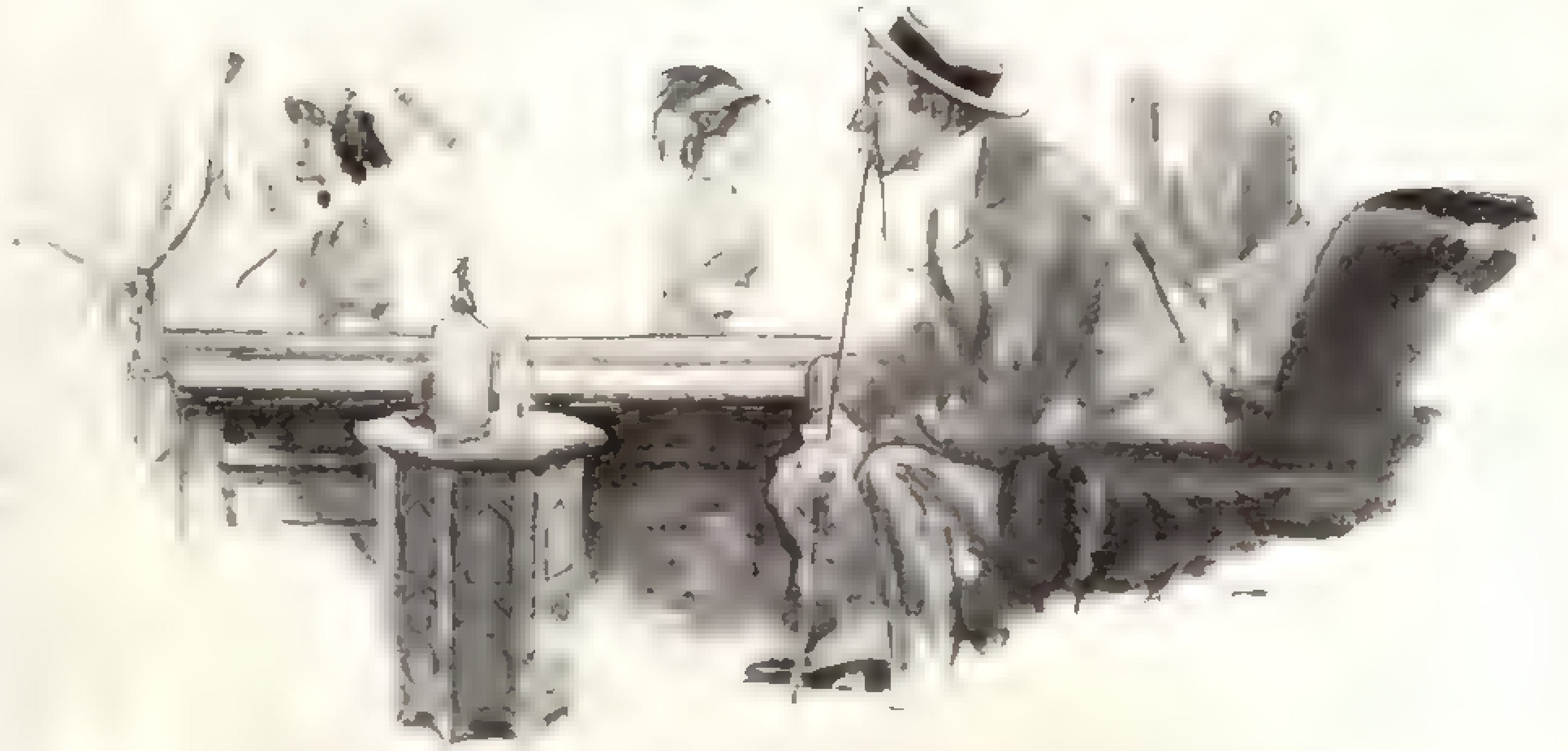
AN OVERDOSE

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS



His Monocle Being in His Eye, He Had Not Recognized in One of These Ladies His Own Fiancée

WHEN, at length, William Manners realized that he was actually able, through the sheer force of mental persuasion, to control and influence anybody and everybody, whether or not he knew them personally, whether or not they were aware of what he was up to; and when he understood that his idle experiments in mental science had really resulted in changing not only the character, but even the physical appearance, of those on whom he had ventured to operate, his amazement, remorse and alarm knew no bounds.

He had chosen five very imperfect men of his acquaintance on whom to attempt these practices, and he had also selected, as marriageable possibilities for his friends, five women with whom he was *not* acquainted—the first five ornamental young girls he chanced to observe on Fifth Avenue, passing the club window where he sat—all utter strangers to him, as he believed. For, his monocle being in his eye, he had not recognized in one of these ladies his own fiancée.

Of the five men on whom he had exercised his uncanny will-power all were now exhibiting symptoms logically consequent upon the mental treatment he had given them; Kelvin had left him that morning, hopping mad and also Nature-mad; and for weeks now he had had Dudley Todd on his hands—not the old, familiar, impossible Todd, not the tolerated but despised Todd, the club affliction and general nincompoop in ordinary—but a brand-new Todd, a popular Todd, a radically translated Todd.

And all might have been well had Todd merely developed along the lines of the wholesome mental treatment which Manners had honestly meant to give him; but Manners was far from judicious in his treatment. He considered Todd such a desperate case that his mental treatment was a sort of urgency treatment—as strenuous as first-aid to the mortally injured, and far more vigorous than he realized at the time. And now, when too late, utterly unable to reverse treatment or modify what he had done, he perceived with horror that he had given Todd an overdose.

And Todd was fast becoming the limit in Manhattan town.

In an agony of contrition Manners had gone to Todd and confessed what he had done to him, supposing that Todd would take a grip on himself and stop, even if he incidentally destroyed Manners as an act of abstract justice.

But Todd, when he recovered from his astonishment, seemed rather pleased than annoyed, and admitted frankly that the absent treatment given him by Manners had agreed with him.

In vain Manners expostulated. Todd obstinately insisted that it agreed with him and made him very, very happy; that he felt himself endowed with the energy, imagination and capacity for romantic affection of a dozen men all rolled into one.

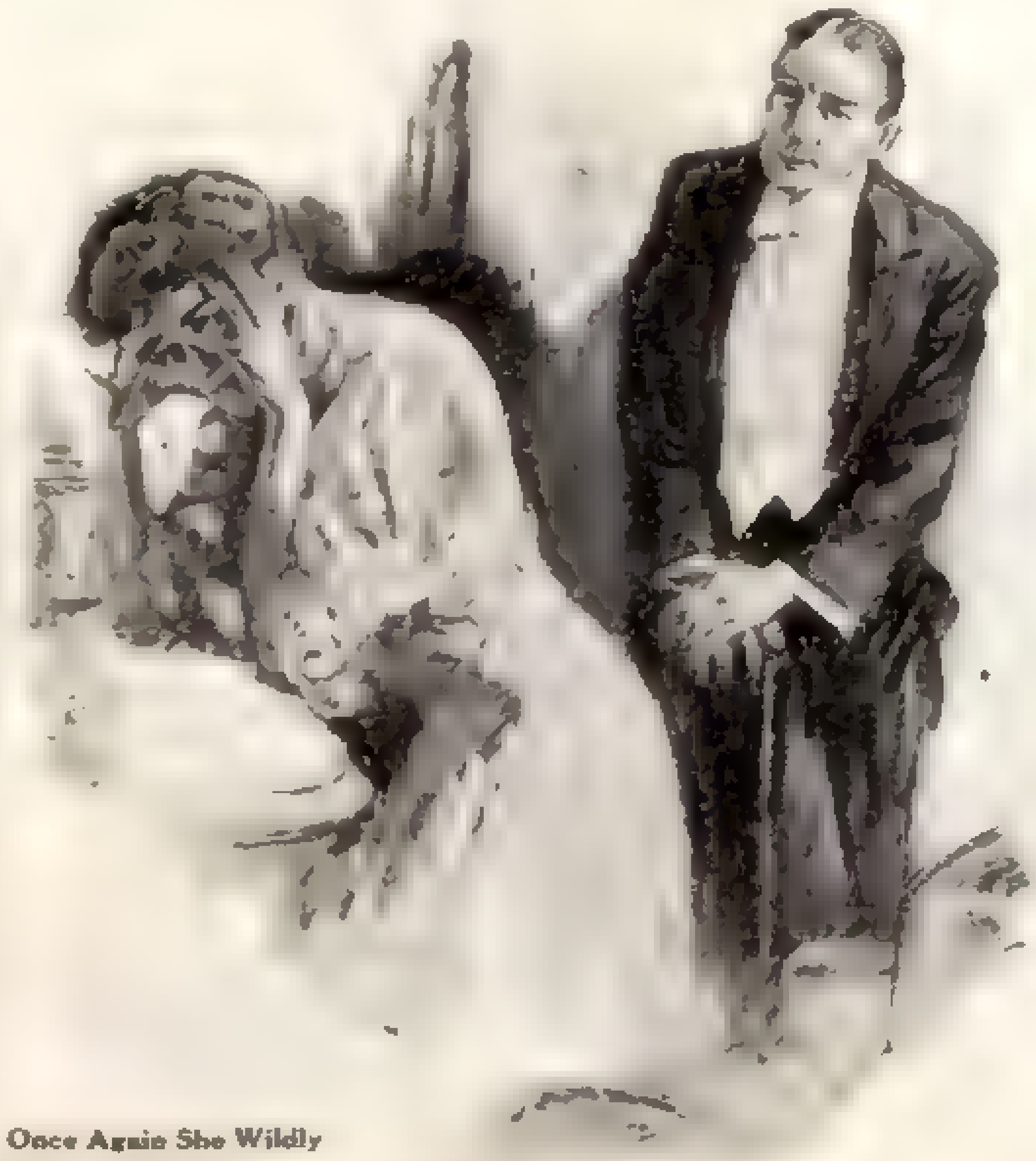
But Todd's conduct had now become such that Manners, feeling personally responsible for the young fellow's amazing behavior, felt obliged to follow him about day and night.

And the antics of Todd, and his sleepless, untiring assiduity in the headlong hunt for happiness, were wearing Manners to a shadow in the effort to do police duty.

Then another blow fell. Eric Kelvin returned from the Bronx and informed Manners that he was now engaged to marry Manners' fiancée, and Manners rushed madly uptown to expostulate with the object of his adoration.

But that charming and changed young devotee to Nature merely admitted that she no longer cared for him, but loved Kelvin with all her heart; and Manners rushed home again, a prey to sentimental agitation.

The Lenox Club was his home. He locked himself in his bedroom, where for twenty-four hours he maintained a distracted silence, interrupted at intervals by processions of waiters bearing ice, vichy, tonic, and kindly-inquiring notes from Kelvin, to which he deigned no reply.



Once Again She Wildly Veiled it Behind Ten Pretty Fingers

By and by, Kelvin himself arrived, but Manners refused to open the door. Only his voice, hoarse and injured, satisfied Kelvin that his friend still lived.

"Don't do anything terrible, will you?" insisted Kelvin.

"I may," said Manners ominously, beginning to enjoy himself.

So Kelvin, disconcerted, sat down outside the door. And, by-and-by, Manners, being low in his mind, sought consolation in a mouth-organ.

"Oh, pip!" muttered Kelvin, jumping up and rapping on the door. "Come out, William! You are convalescent!"

Manners wanted to, but he only blew a sullen blast on his mouth-organ.

"Are you coming out?" repeated the other. "There are five men waiting for us in the card-room."

So Manners came out, scowling, and they shook hands.

"I never, never thought you'd do such a thing," said Manners, sulkily lighting the cigar that Kelvin offered.

"She never did like you very much, anyway," explained Kelvin. "Come on downstairs; Todd is banking ——"

"Todd!" groaned Manners. "I—I'm sick of the very name of Todd!" And, in a last spasm of revolt: "If ever I am ass enough to fool with mental science again I deserve to marry a Sixth Avenue manicure! Eric, would it inconvenience you to come in every morning for a month and disable me with a kick?"

"William," said Kelvin suspiciously, "is Todd one of your victims? I've wondered what was the matter with him. *Is* he?"

But Manners, with a tragic gesture, pushed open the door of the card-room, and the two men were politely greeted and invited to "sit in."

The seance was a gay one, seven celebrants assisting at the ceremonies; and the gayest of the gay, the cheeriest, the liveliest, was Todd, bubbling over with the infernal and inexhaustible energy of a dozen men.

"Can nothing tire that creature?" muttered Manners to himself, between his teeth. "He's tuning up for another horrible evening. He'll be all over the county, and he'll get into the newspapers if I don't follow him."

Todd, unconscious, trolled a merry ditty and drew two more kings.

"Are you tired, old chap?" asked Manners. "You look like the last run of jellyfish, dear friend."

"Who? I? Why, I'm fresh as a daisy," said Todd, betting the limit.

Manners reviewed his hand with a bitter smile and stayed out.

"He does look queer, though," he insisted, with a significant nod to Kelvin. "And *I* don't believe he's perfectly well. Todd," he added anxiously, "do you feel perfectly well, old fellow?"

"Certainly," said Todd, with a smirk, as he gathered up the chips, and shuffled the cards for the kitty sweepstakes. "Is every student in?" glancing around the table. "Come, get nimble, Kelvin; you're shy a blue one!" And, nodding similar admonition across at Kelly Jones, he lighted a cigar and dealt cold decks all round.

Kelvin spread his cards face up on the table, observed with disgust the single soubrette and, unable to draw to a kitty clean-up, admitted he was out. Then he leaned over toward Manners.

"*Is* Todd one of your victims?" he whispered. "You've certainly made a man of him!"

"The trouble is," said Manners, "I've made about a dozen men of him. Look at him now! He's hatching deviltry! Isn't he the saucy Clarence? Look at him with his pat hand! When I treated him by mental suggestion I must have given him a terrific overdose of everything ——"

He broke off short as Todd triumphantly spread out his five cards.

"All pink! friends, students and relatives," he observed. "It's only seven o'clock. Shall we continue our votive offerings to the astigmatic goddess?"

But sentiment was against him. Several men said they were hungry, and everybody began to make precise little piles of their multi-colored chips. Todd, courteous and indefatigable, immediately became very busy with his pencil and paper, checking off the returns. Manners had no chips to pile up symmetrically, and he rose and walked to the window. Kelvin joined him and peered out and upward where the last tints of daylight were fading from the summer sky and the first stars faintly sparkled.

"Stars out already," observed Manners gloomily. "I'm dog-tired. I'd like to spend a quiet evening—dine here alone, read the paper and go to bed. But I can't do it."

"On account of Todd?" inquired Kelvin.

"Yes, on account of that infernal Todd! He's killing me, that's what he's doing—dragging me about all day and all night with him."

"And you dare not let him out of your sight?" asked Kelvin sympathetically.

"I should think not! That man has a capacity for putting both feet in it beyond all dreams of common-sense. You remember what a little nincompoop he was—a lazy, idle, dull-minded, unimaginative, commonplace pedler of stocks and bonds?

"Well, I thought he needed mental suggestion, and I was ass enough to treat him for everything he lacked! And look at him!—*Look* at him, Kelvin!—Clever, industrious, full of poetic fire, imaginative, romantic, and yet capable enough to make a fortune for himself in Wall Street in three months!

"Look at him, I tell you! Why, he's positively grown tall and good-looking!—and—and I wish I hadn't treated him for lack of imagination and idleness; I do, indeed! He's full of enterprise and full of a tireless energy that's simply killing me, Kelvin. I'm nearly dead, trying to keep him out of mischief. Why on earth can't he get tired? He works like a millionaire all day, and he's all over everywhere after five o'clock! I must have been crazy to inject that combination of moonstruck romance and devilish energy into him. Hark! Just listen to him now!"

The two men turned from the window toward the lighted green table, where half a dozen men had gathered around Todd as he closed their accounts.

And Todd was saying enthusiastically: "Well, we had a corking game, didn't we? There's a lot of pure romance in the old-fashioned national game. There's romance everywhere and in everything. This city reeks with romance—every street is full of it, day and night, if only you realize it. Isn't it, Manners? Why, I tell you, fellows, that a mere walk in town is to me one endless tension of excitement and suspense——"

Billy West laughed, and asked if Todd really found a walk on Fifth Avenue particularly exciting.

"Certainly I do!" said Todd; "on Fifth Avenue or on any street or lane or alley or mews in this wonderful metropolis!"

Kelly Jones observed that he, personally, never had encountered any inexpensive romance in the neighborhood.

"Nonsense!" said Todd; "town's full of it! I never put on my hat and coat and take my gloves and my stick but I experience a subtle thrill of most delicious suspense. I say to myself: 'I am going out among several millions of unknown fellow-creatures. I am likely at any moment to meet with almost any kind of an adventure. I may encounter Fate itself around the first corner, or Destiny hiding behind a tree.' Who knows? I don't; you don't! And *that* is the best part of it!"

And Todd smiled so winningly upon those about him that they all smiled in return. He had become very popular within a few weeks.

Said Todd: "When I set foot out-of-doors my pulses leap; I'm all afire with energy, all aquiver with the possibilities before me. Every street is a vague vista of haunted mystery and promise; every lamp-post exquisitely significant; every electric light seems to wink at me and beckon me on to perilous adventure! Chance lies before me; all around me Hazard dogs my steps; and a most exhilarating mixture of foreboding, apprehension, expectancy and hope sets me trotting out into the metropolitan wilds——"

"And me, too!" muttered Manners to Billy West.

"Too bad," said West sympathetically—the first expression of anything resembling sympathy Manners had heard for several days. He liked West; he was inclined to like West for several reasons. One was that, far away in the back part of his head, he entertained an excessive admiration for one of Billy West's sisters—not the pretty one. His admiration was not based on a personal knowledge of her, for, as far as he knew, he had never seen her. But Billy talked of her a great deal, and, from her brother's enthusiastic description, Manners had formed a curious attachment for the girl, which now, in his condition of bereavement, haunted him with shy but tender persistence. And some day he felt that he was destined to hear more about Billy West's sister—*not* the pretty one.

Meanwhile Todd, the unspeakable, was still holding forth.

Several men asked: "Well, Toddy, do you ever really make good? Do you ever seize romance by the coat-tails? *Do* you actually have any genuine adventures? Does he, Manners?"

"Plenty," observed Manners morosely. "Ask any desk-sergeant in the five boroughs!"

"Of course I do," added Todd joyously. "Only Manners, there, has a strange delusion that I'm always going to get into some sort of scrape; but I never do—not serious scrapes," he added, linking his arm in Manners' arm as the men began to file out. "I say, Kelvin, Manners and I are going out in quest of adventures. Will you come?"

But Kelvin's evenings were now all taken; Manners looked at him sideways, and understood.

So Kelvin blushed becomingly and excused himself, and Manners looked after him wistfully. He had not yet recovered from the shock of Kelvin's engagement announcement, and sometimes his bereavement made him wistful and sometimes it merely made him mad.

"Where shall we go to-night?" asked Todd restlessly. "We'll probably have some most diverting adventure wherever we go and whatever we do."

"Why," fumed Manners, "can't you stay in the club to-night and read the paper and go to bed?"

"Go to bed!" echoed Todd. "That's the excitement of it. Nobody on earth can tell what bed I'll sleep in next—if I sleep in any!"

Manners pleaded: "Can't you give me a rest for one evening——"

"What? Miss the possibilities of a whole evening?"

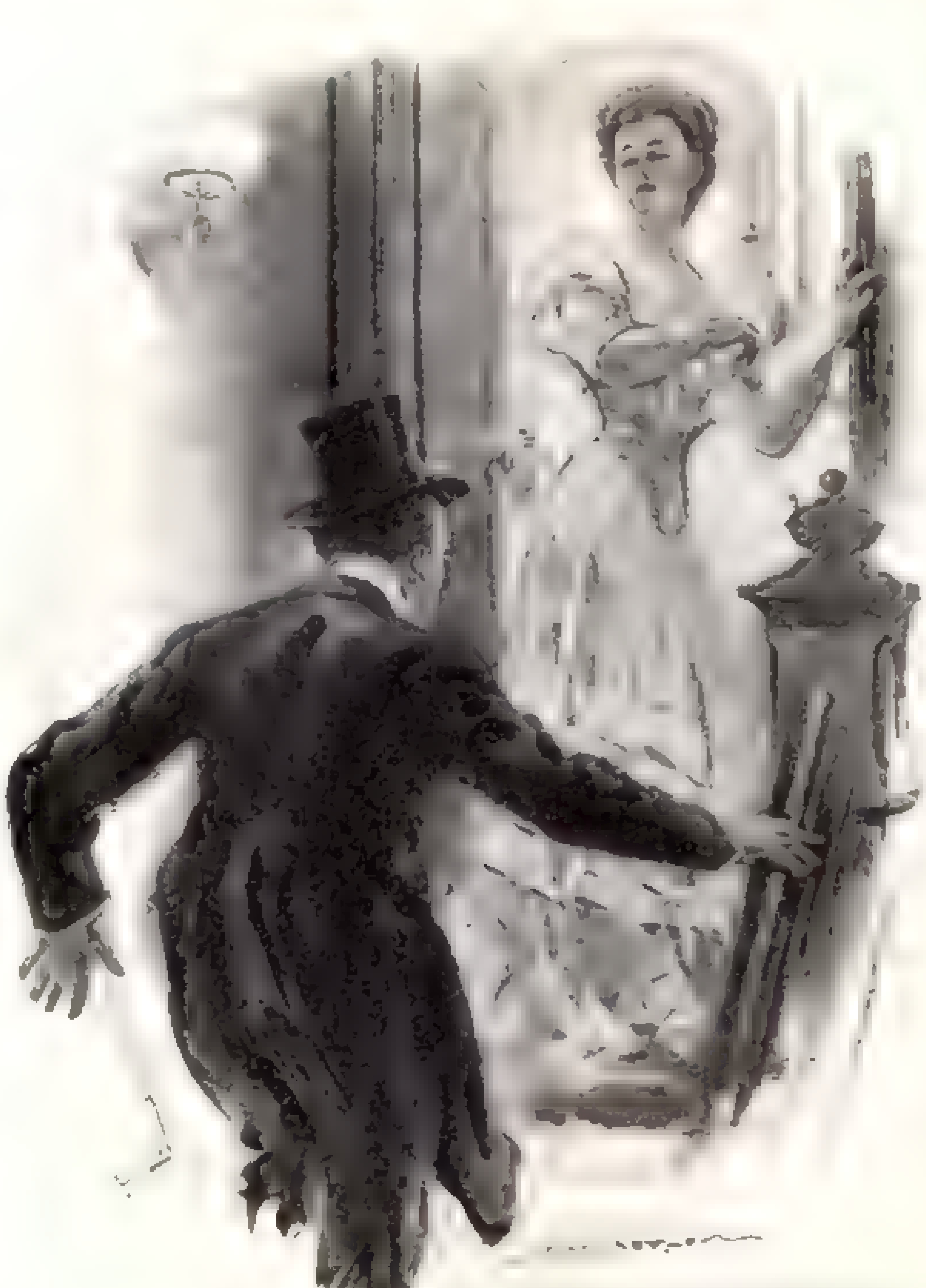
"But I'm tired——"

"You don't have to go," said Todd.

"Yes, I do! I feel responsible for you."

"Why? Just because you gave me absent treatment, for which I'm eternally obliged?"

"I—— Can't you understand that I overdid it?"



"I Tell You that Some Scoundrel Named Harry is Threatening a Woman with Violence ——"

"Not for my taste," said Todd serenely. "Come on; get the valet to pack your grip, and we'll go down to Oyster Bay, where all those jolly girls are——"

"Not into good society with you!" snapped Manners. "I've had enough of that for a while."

"Why?"

"Because, when you go into decent society, you begin paying serious attentions to every pretty girl you meet. What do you think you are—a syndicate? Do you mean to be bigamous? Don't you know you overdo it? And I have to go around afterward and explain that you are queer——"

"Well, you've got to stop that!" cried Todd hotly.

"Stop it? Why, man, if I don't appear regularly and faithfully in the wake of the ruin you have wrought, do you know where *you'd* be?"

"I'd be engaged if you'd once let me carry matters to a finish——"

"Yes, engaged—every evening from eight to half-past eleven. You don't realize how you compromise yourself whenever you talk to a pretty girl. You make every one of 'em think you're in love with them——"

"I am!"

Manners glared, then fumbled for his eyeglass.

"Todd!" he said with deep emotion, "it's my fault. I overdosed you. You can't help it. You think you're a multiple personality. You don't comprehend how plural you behave; you don't realize how you overdo it, how collectively you make love, what an ass you really are! You don't understand that you are now practically on the verge of being engaged to marry eleven separate girls——"

"Yes, I do! And I want to!"

"Marry 'em all?"

"No; be engaged to them. Why don't you let me? Why do you go around after I've made a batch of serious proposals and tell them that I don't mean it—that there's something hideous the matter with me? If you'd mind your own business and let me select one of them, I'd be at rest, and so would you."

"Idiot!" retorted Manners; "that isn't the way to get married! You can't go about obtaining options that way. Great Heavens, Todd, what have I done to you? What an awful overdose I've given you! I deserve this sickening penance—a life eternally spent in following you around to keep you out of the penitentiary——"

He almost broke down. Todd laid a comforting hand on his shoulder.

"Well, we won't go to Oyster Bay, then," he said. "Don't worry, Manners. We'll take things easy to-night if you're tired. We'll just take a little stroll together."

"Every time I stroll with you," said Manners, "something unexpected happens. You're right, Todd; you do have adventures. Nobody else does in New York, but *you* do; they come flocking after you the moment you set foot out-of-doors. And I get the butt-end of 'em, usually."

"Isn't it fortunate," said Todd rapturously, "that I, who, by your method of treatment, am so thoroughly equipped for adventures, have 'em in such agreeable profusion?. I know perfectly well that after dinner this evening when you and I stroll out—no matter where I go or which way I turn—somewhere in the mysterious medley of light and shadow I am certain to encounter something or somebody most extraordinary."

Manners groaned.

"Perhaps," murmured Todd, gazing Heavenward with rapt eyes—"Perhaps I may even this very night catch a glimpse of her whom I am destined to make happy some immortal day!"

"Oh, piffle!" said Manners.

"You don't understand," sighed Todd dreamily. "The celestially perfect and still invisible She may be encountered anywhere! But I shall know her when I see her ——"

"That," said Manners, "is why you require a police escort. Are you dining with me? Very well, then. I'm going to dress."

"So am I," murmured Todd. "I—I feel curiously and prophetically and strangely like a—a bridegroom this evening ——"

"You usually feel like several," snapped Manners.

II

ABOUT eleven o'clock that evening Manners seized Todd by the elbow and shook him fiercely.

"Are you *ever* going to stop walking?" he demanded.

"Why, it's only eleven o'clock," protested Todd. "I don't believe we've walked fifteen miles yet."

"We've covered fifty! Look at me!" insisted Manners, mopping the rivulets of perspiration from his face and attempting to adjust his wilted collar. "Everything I've got on is sticking to me like plaster; my shoes hurt; I'm thirsty ——" He choked, exasperated.

"I, personally," observed Todd, "feel agreeably cool and fresh and comfortable, so I think I'll stroll on a bit farther. But," he added, "you need not feel obliged to accompany me."

Manners glared at him, then around at the dimly-illuminated and unfamiliar surroundings.

"Where are we?" he growled. "We might as well be in a foreign city. What street is this?"—peering up at a lamp-post. "Eighty-sixth Street! East! Who on earth ever heard of East Eighty-sixth Street? What's that cross street? East Side Avenue! Never heard of it! I don't want to hear of it! I am—— *What's* that over there?"

"A park," said Todd, in pleased surprise. "What a charmingly strange little park! And what's that beyond? —the East River? Isn't it fascinating, William? And look at those quaint old-time houses! What a funny little cul-de-sac of a court they form! Why, William, this is perfectly delightful, to emerge from the reek of things into this unknown oasis on the river's midnight edge—the night's Plutonian shore, so to speak."

"Come home!" said Manners coldly.

"Home? And leave this place without having had a single extraordinary adventure!" He gazed rather blankly at Manners. "Do you know, William, that this is the first time in months I have failed to encounter some sort of an adventure before I turned my nose homeward? And this is just the place for almost anything to jump out at you."

Manners said he objected to being jumped out at.

"And it's curious, too," mused Todd, looking hopefully about, "because when I started I had the most intense sort of a premonition that something most unusual was going to happen to me. Why do you suppose nothing has stung me?"

Manners, too vexed to reply, fanned his heated features with his hat.

"In fact," continued Todd, unheeding him, "I felt like a bridegroom—like a whole procession of bridegrooms—when I started out. Let's go over into that curious little park and sit on a bench. Perhaps something will break loose within ten minutes."

Manners said that he had no objection to resting for a moment, and they entered the park, mounted some stone steps to the left and ascended the dim winding path under the trees.

As they came out on a sort of terrace the fresh river-breeze struck them, and they looked out into a world of darkness. East and south myriads of lights twinkled; the vast bulk of the newest bridge towered against the stars; and, both to the north and south, the lights of huge municipal institutions glimmered, cities in themselves, so wide was the territory they covered on the shadowy islands.

North lay the masses of Harlem, lighted against the horizon, far as the eye could see. West, avenue on avenue cross-striped by countless streets, lay the metropolitan wastes.

Along the river-wall below, the poor of Yorkville sat huddled, seeking a breath of air ere they crept inland to their kennels—vague masses of humanity, darkening the masonry as heaps of seaweed edge the tide-mark.

For a while the two men sat listening to the foggy-throated river-horns, watching the ferryboats pass like floating cages of fire, or some big schooner, all sails set, yet scarcely drawing, swinging swiftly southward on the ebb.

Suddenly Todd rose from his seat and, turning his back to the river, looked eagerly inland.

"What's the matter?" asked Manners morosely. "Can't you remain motionless for half a second? Are you a combination of grasshopper and centipede, or are you a man?"

Todd fairly danced with eagerness and impatience.

"No, by St. Vitus, you can't sit still," said Manners. "What makes you do that two-step? What are you staring at, Todd? I won't stay here if anything's going to happen!"

"I am only excited by an idea," explained Todd. "That curious row of old red-brick houses seems to be such a good stage-setting for an adventure. Look, William, in all that strange, quaint, wabbly row of bricks there is only one window lighted. Isn't that mysterious?"

"Wonderful," said Manners scornfully. "It reminds me of a plot of Paul de Kock—*not!*"

"Well, that single lighted window may not seem so very mysterious to you or to anybody else, but *I* consider it strangely, ominously significant, William. I believe there's an adventure about to happen to me!" he added so earnestly and with such naïve conviction that Manners turned sharply around.

"Why?" he demanded uneasily.

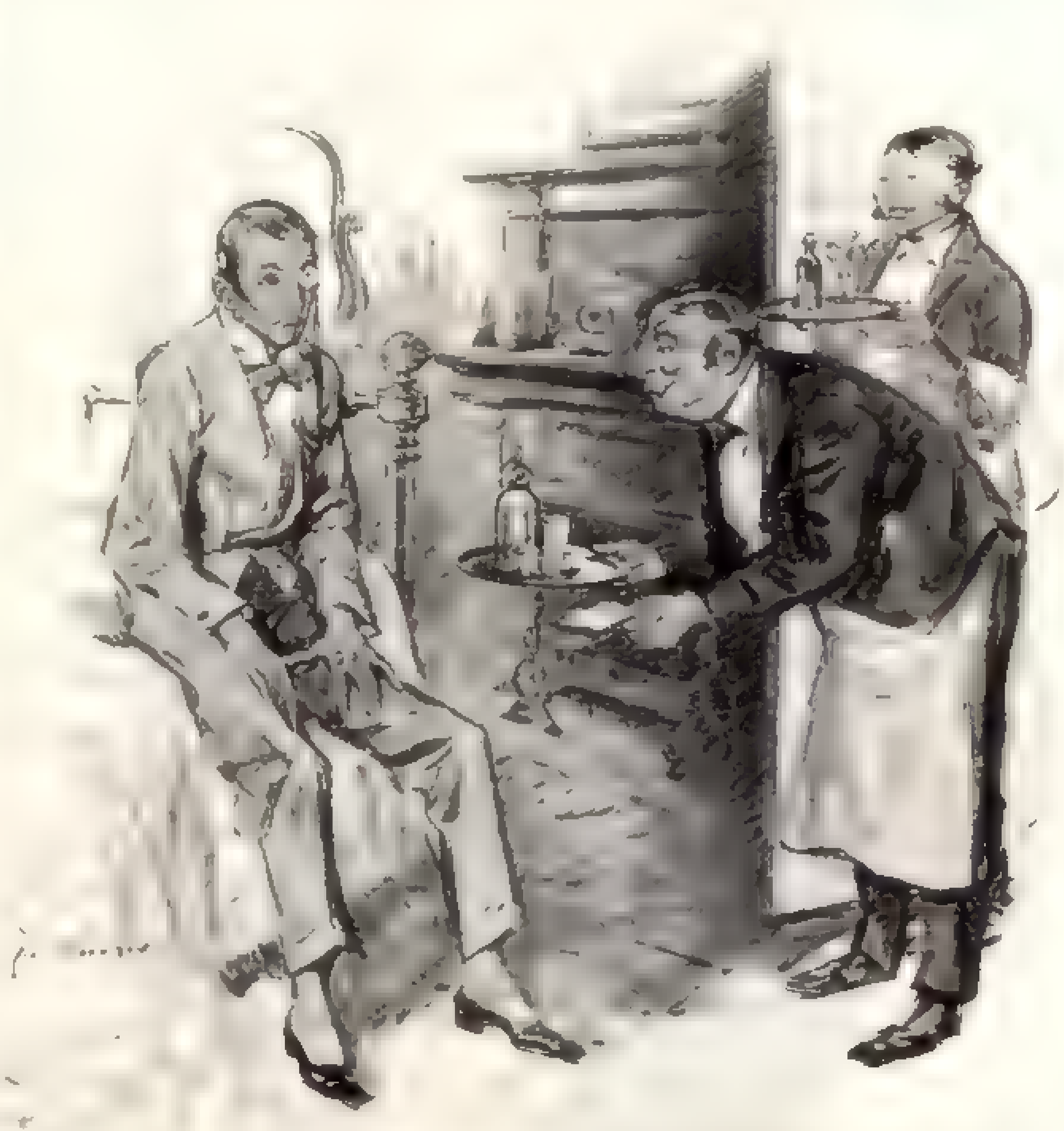
"Because that romantic feeling begins to permeate me. I feel bright and confident and gay, and I am inclined to song."

"Well, I'm not. Come on; it's the homeward trek for ours." And he arose and grasped Todd firmly by the elbow, urging him toward the street.

"Curious," murmured Todd—"Curious that nothing happens. I can't understand it, William. This is not my usual luck ——"

And he continued expostulating alternately with Fate and with Manners as the latter dragged him most unwillingly from the park and into the dim street where the quaint old row of red-brick houses stood ranged in the darkness, all their owlish-eyed windows closed and sealed save one. But from that single window a light streamed out across the street.

Todd halted before the house. Manners attempted to drag him onward, but he resisted.



For Twenty-four Hours He Maintained a Distracted Silence

"All right!" snapped Manners; "then stay here!" And he dropped Todd's arm and walked haughtily toward the corner, but without the slightest intention of really abandoning his friend.

When he got as far as the corner, without hearing any sound of repentant feet behind him, he swung around, mad all through, and shouted: "Todd!"

Echo answered: "Todd!"

There was not a soul in the street. Todd had evaporated.

First of all Manners, in an alarming temper, strode back to the house in front of which he had left Todd standing. He went into the area, but there was nobody there; he ascended the front steps and tried the door. It was locked.

Followed then the obvious theory that Todd had run away from him. Where do men run when they run guiltily away? Logic answered that they run around blocks; so Manners ran around the block in the opposite direction, then into the park. Then, worried, panting and furious, he sat down on a bench and fanned his streaming features with his hat.

And all the while Todd was not a dozen yards away from him, standing inside the door of the red-brick house with the single lighted window.

For Todd, when he had lingered to gaze at the house, noticed that the front door stood just ajar; and instantly he accepted the accident as a belated promise of adventure long overdue.

So no sooner did Manners walk off in a huff on pretense of abandoning him than he seized the opportunity and darted up the steps burning with optimism and curiosity.

"Somebody left the front door ajar; robbers may have slipped in," he argued with himself, taking a firmer grip on his slim malacca walking-stick as he pushed open the door and peeped hopefully into the dark hallway.

Then his name shouted angrily afar by Manners startled him, and, stepping inside the hallway, he softly closed the door. At the same instant, from somewhere above, he heard a woman's voice raised in tremulous pleading—a sweet, thrilling voice, pitifully unsteady, yet every word exquisitely distinct; and Todd, frozen to attention, listened, his heart in his mouth.

"Oh, Harry! Harry! Don't drive me into the street!" were the first sad words he heard. "You swore to right the wrong you did me! How—how can you abandon me, Harry? How c-can you fling me aside to die under the world's cold scorn?"

Todd, in the darkness, turned a fiery red and set his teeth in his lower lip.

"W-what am I to do?" pleaded the beautiful voice. "Where can I turn?—where can I creep to bury my shame? D-don't cast me away—don't laugh at me so cruelly—Harry! Harry! Don't strike me!—Help! Murder——"

Todd's hair rose straight on end; then with a shout he galloped up the stairs, swung around the banisters, flew up the second flight and halted, speechless, confronted by a tall young girl who stood on the landing, the light from an open door behind throwing her young figure into motionless silhouette.

"W-what are you doing here?" she faltered.

"D-doing?" he repeated breathlessly. "There's somebody being murdered in this house!"

"What!"

"Didn't you hear?" he demanded, staggered by her frank astonishment. "I tell you that some scoundrel named Harry is threatening a woman with violence ——"

"H-Harry?" she stammered, staring at him incredulously. "What do you mean? I am the only person in this house."

Then she took two unsteady steps back into her gas-lit room; he saw her face turning from a startled pallor to a violent rosy tint; she caught at the mantel for support, swayed, took one last look at Todd, and, with a gesture of abandon, covered her pretty face with both hands. He thought she was weeping.

And for a long while Todd looked at her, bewildered, because her voice was certainly the voice he had heard in heartbreaking appeal to Heaven.

Was she attempting to shield that unspeakable Harry?

Todd inserted his head in the doorway, glared about the gas-lit room, stepped in and craned his neck to see whether the ruffian might be cowering in the alcove.

But he saw only a desk there, and piles of typewritten manuscript covering it. And on the blue covers of the manuscript he noticed the words: "Act First."

The faintest glimmering of the actual situation dawned on him. He still clutched his stick fiercely; the light of battle still lingered in his eyes; but his stride had become a walk, he sidled toward the door, glanced uncertainly about, hesitated; then gradually a partial solution of the matter overwhelmed him, leaving him hot with embarrassment.

She dropped her hands into her lap and looked at him, and he looked foolishly at her; then again her hands flew to her face, covering it, and she bent forward, resting her elbows on her knees. But Todd understood that the tears that turned her blue eyes starry were not tears of grief.

Todd stood very still. His ears seemed to him to have grown unusually red and hot and big.

Once again she uncovered her face to look at him; once again she wildly veiled it behind ten pretty fingers. And at last Todd produced upon his features a spasm intended for a smile.

It was not a very genuine attempt, but it seemed to be sufficient to reinfect her. That made Todd smile again, and the result was less forced this time.

"So it was only part of act first, all that line of talk about Harry?" he began bravely.

"O-oh, yes—only p-p-part of act f-first," she managed to reply. "I'm awfully sorry."

He looked at her, scarcely yet convinced: "Then there isn't any Harry? There isn't anybody going to be abandoned——"

"N-no; nobody is going to abandon anybody."

"Exactly. Ah—it—ah—sounded distressingly real."

"Did it? I'm awfully sorry."

"I never heard such p-pathos in a human voice," insisted Todd. "I wish to Heaven that there had been a Harry somewhere about."

She dropped her hands and gazed at him from the loveliest and brightest blue eyes he had ever encountered.

"How," she asked curiously, "did you get into my house?"

"Who?—Me?" he faltered, neglecting grammar to gain time.

"Certainly, you. *How* do you come to be here in this house? And *why?*"

"The front door was ajar; that's *how*. I thought thieves might have taken occasion to sneak in; that's *why*."

"Oh, bother," she said; "I never can get used to locking up my own house. I don't seem to be able to remember all those details—having been accustomed to servants. Was it actually open?"

"It was."

"And so you thought you'd see whether any robbers had crept in to murder me? And you came fearlessly to investigate?"

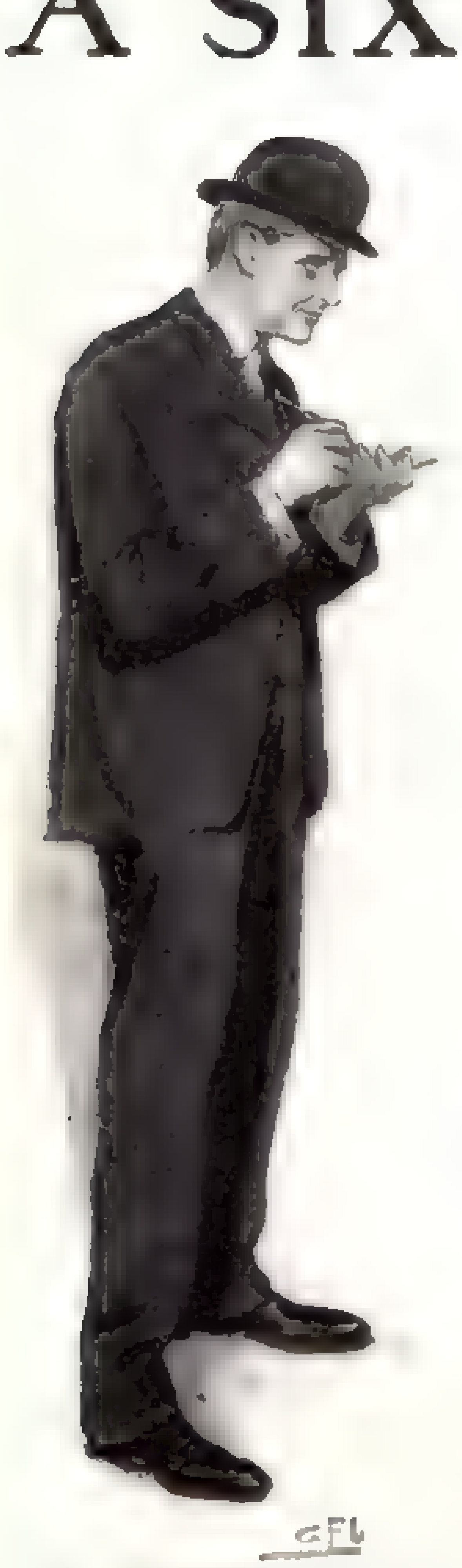
"Yes," said Todd, modestly admitting his valor; "and I should like to have had a chance at that fellow—Harry."

"I see," she said thoughtfully. "That was very civil of you to come upstairs when you heard Mary Meeker pleading with Henry St. Aubyn for her life."

(Continued on Page 28)

A SIX-CYLINDER COURTSHIP

By Edward Salisbury Field


"It's a Pippin of a Story!" Said Bellows. "Hospitable Millionaire—Greedy Cousins From the Country—Unique Revenge—Police—Burglary—Grand Larceny!"

IX

A PLEASANT night, a good road, with one's gas-lamps burning holes in the vague shadows ahead—and the whole world may go hang. One doesn't know what life is till one has motored at night.

As I skimmed along toward home I forgave everybody everything. Jimmie Redmond was a prince, the chauffeur who had stolen my car was an amiable lunatic, the adventure of the evening was a Heaven-sent diversion.

I whirled over the Viaduct, down Riverside Drive, past the tomb of an immortal General, past the palace of a mortal Steel Trust magnate, round the corner into Seventy-second Street, and plump into the arms of a brass-buttoned policeman.

Muttering curses, I jammed both brakes home. This would make my third arrest for speeding!

Luckily, I had six one-hundred-dollar bonds of the Franklin Surety Company in my pocket for this very purpose. When one motors in New York one needs more than extra inner tubes, extra casings and a well-stocked tool-kit

Quite meekly I allowed my burly captor to slide into the seat beside me.

"I guess you know where to drive to," he said.

Alas, I knew only too well! I had visited the station-house on West Sixty-sixth Street only the month before. Still, I wouldn't submit without a protest.

"My dear fellow ——" I began.

"Cut it!" he commanded.

"But this is outrageous ——"

"Aw, forget it!" he sneered.

"I wasn't doing more than ten miles an hour," I lied glibly, "and you can't prove that I was."

My captor chuckled. "You've got your nerve with you, young feller," he said "I guess you're an old offender, all right."

The pity of it was that he had guessed the truth. Ten dollars' fine for offense number one. Fifty dollars' fine and a reprimand for offense number two. And now offense number three was hanging over my head! We made the rest of the run to the station in silence.

The sergeant on duty at the desk received me like a long-lost brother.

"It's him, all right,' said my captor.

"It's the first decent haul we've made this week," remarked the sergeant. 'You're a lucky dog, Mac. Did he resist arrest?"

"No," said Mac, "but he put on a swell front of outraged innocence."

"They're always innocent," observed the sergeant. "Got anything to say for yourself, young man?"

"Yes,' I said; "I've got a lot to say."

"Better not say it," he counseled. "It'll be used against you later if you do.'

"What rot!" I exclaimed "To hear you talk one would think that exceeding the speed limit was a State's prison offense."

I hadn't intended a joke, but both the sergeant and my captor laughed heartily.

"Ain't he the goods, though? Ain't he the Candy Kid?" said Mac.

"You have a most primitive sense of humor," I responded hotly. "If it's security you want for my appearance in court, say so. I've had enough of your insolence."

"He's had enough of our insolence," repeated Mac. "Ain't he the giddy millionaire, though!"

"Chuck it, Mac!" commanded the sergeant. "What's your name, young feller?"

"William Snowden," I replied angrily.

"Where do you live?"

"At the Luxor Apartments, No. — Madison Avenue."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed Mac.

"What's your occupation?"

"I haven't any."

"He's a blooming capitalist," said Mac.

"You be   "

"Well, young feller, I've got you down on the book twice," remarked the sergeant.

"Twice!" I gasped.

"That's what I said—twice."

"May I be permitted to ask on what charges?"

"Certainly," said the sergeant, with a malevolent grin. "Burglary and grand larceny."

X

TO BE charged with burglary and grand larceny, to have it entered in the police-blotter by a goat of a sergeant, together with my name, address and lack of honest occupation—it was too screamingly absurd! Also it was as plain as day how it had come about: that rascally chauffeur had telephoned the police, and the order had gone forth to arrest the driver of car No. 33756 N. Y.

"Ring up the restaurant, Mac," said the sergeant, "and tell them the good news."

That settled it.

Well, there was no use trying to establish my identity—the chauffeur who had taken my car from the garage would do that for me. I'd sit by quietly till he turned up. Wouldn't he have a fit when he saw what a scrape he'd got into? Yes, I'd sit by quietly and smoke a cigarette.

"Take that hand out of that pocket!" roared the sergeant.

"You go to blazes!" I returned. "It's my pocket, isn't it?"

"Search him, Mac," ordered the sergeant.

"I'll be good," I promised meekly.

"You bet your life you will," said the sergeant. "This would be a good one for Rooker—eh, Mac?"

"Yes," agreed Mac. "I guess I'd better ring him up."

I wondered who in thunder Rooker was. I was soon to learn, alas, that Rooker was city editor of the yellowest morning newspaper published in New York!

"He'll send a man out at once," Mac announced.

"If news is scarce, they'll play it up big," prophesied the sergeant.

"Maybe they'll run my picture," ventured Mac hopefully.

"You're a lucky dog, Mac," said the sergeant.

"And they'll have to stop throwing it in your face that nothing ever happens at the Sixty-sixth Street Station," added Mac diplomatically.

The situation had now resolved itself into a race between Rooker's man and the chauffeur. If the chauffeur arrived first I would, at least, escape a personal interview. If the reporter arrived first, Heaven help William Snowden!

The next ten minutes was the longest ten minutes I have ever experienced. Would that miserable chauffeur never come?

An automobile chugged up to the station-house and stopped before the door. I sprang to my feet.

"Sit down!" commanded the sergeant.

I sat down.

"See who it is, Mac," he ordered.

Mac strode through the door and disappeared.

"I wish very much to see the chauffeur who claims the car," I announced to the sergeant.

"You can take it from me that you ain't half as anxious to see him as he is for to see you," chuckled the sergeant.

"I'm not so sure of that," I replied.

"We'll see," said the sergeant.

Just wouldn't we see, though! I pictured the whole scene in my mind: a groveling chauffeur, my discomfited captor, an apologetic sergeant, and Virtue Triumphant in the shape of one William Snowden, Esq. Oh, we'd see, right enough! There was Mac, now. And behind him—not at all the person I had expected to see—was the chauffeur who had driven me to the restaurant.

"I got a load back, all right," he announced, grinning derisively.

"But where's the other chauffeur?" I asked.

"Don't worry, he's coming," said Mac.

"When he does come it will be you who's worried," I replied.

"Here he is now," said the sergeant.

I turned to confront the poor wretch. It was Charlie, the new boy at the garage, whom Jerry Spinner had tried to warn me against.

"Good evening, Mr. Snowden," he said, touching his cap.

"Do you know this man?" asked the sergeant.

"Certainly," answered Charlie. "He's the owner of the car that was stolen."

"I don't believe it," said Mac.

"It's a plant—a deliberate plant!" cried the sergeant.

"By ringing up the Reliance Garage you can verify my statement," said Charlie, who, by the way, wasn't groveling a bit. In fact, he was quite the coolest young devil I had ever had the misfortune to encounter. "But where," he continued, "is the man who stole the car?"

"Where is he?" roared the sergeant.

"Yes, where is he?"

"Why, you've just been talking to him, you young idiot!"

"It was I who took the car," I confessed.

"Mr. Snowden has a perfect right to take his own car," Charlie declared.

"I hope you are satisfied at last that I am the owner of the car," I said, turning to the sergeant.

"I dunno," he replied doubtfully.

"If you care to see some engraved cards with my name on them ——" I continued.

"How about them people outside?" interrupted Mac.

"What people?" demanded the sergeant.

"The parties I took out to the restaurant," Charlie explained.

"Bring 'em in," said the sergeant.

"The old lady refuses to come," Mac announced a moment later, "but the other two will be here in a minute."

We all turned expectantly, our eyes on the door. What other miserable people were to be dragged into this miserable affair? Who were they, and how had they happened to go riding in my car?

A girl, accompanied by a man whom I'd seen once before, walked into the room.

The sergeant pointed to me. "Do you know this man?" he asked.

The man shook his head.

The girl stared in astonishment. "Why, it's Bill Snow!" she said.

XI

I SHALL never forget that awful moment. With my identity shattered beyond all hope of immediate repair, I stared helplessly about me, into the cynical eyes of the sergeant, into the triumphant eyes of Mac, into the astonished eyes of Charlie, into the wondering eyes of Marian Standish, into the unsympathetic eyes of her handsome escort. Alas, poor Bill Snow! The high-tension wires of Fate had short-circuited with the cylinders of Chance, and his sixty-horse-power romance had come to a sudden stop in a police station. Could anything be more sordid, more mortifying, more humiliating!

And, while I was staring impotently, Rooker's reporter was swooping down on us from the direction of Park Row. I saw a front-page story, under sensational headlines, with pictures of Marian, Mac and me. Not that! No, sir; not if I had to corrupt the whole police force, to buy the front page of every newspaper in New York! But I must warn her. She must leave at once. Her escort would understand.

"My advice to you, sir," I said, stepping up to the only uninterested spectator of my disgrace, "is to cut out of here with the young lady. There's a reporter heading this way, who may take it into his head to include her in the story he's after."

"By Jove," exclaimed the handsome chap, "that's not bad advice, Marian!"

"Just a minute," said the sergeant.

"Go at once," I begged.

"How about my bill?" asked their chauffeur.

"How about his bill?" asked Marian, pointing to Charlie.

"I'll settle both bills, and send you my account through the post. Don't waste a moment."

"I want my money now," said the restaurant chauffeur.

I drew a wallet from my pocket.

"But I can't allow you to do that," said Marian.

"Please go!" I implored.

"And you positively identify this man as Bill Snow?" asked the sergeant.

"No, I don't," replied Marian.

"Of course she does," I said.

"Shall I take them home, Mr. Snowden?" asked Charlie.

"Yes, at once," I answered.

"He can't go," said the sergeant.

"The deuce he can't!" I returned.

"The kid's an accomplice," said Mac.

"He'll come back as soon as he's taken them home," I promised.

"Most likely," sneered Mac.

"Here's Rooker's man now," said the sergeant, as a lean, sharp-nosed youth, with a face like a fox terrier, bounded into the room.

"Hullo, Bellows!" said Mac.

"Hullo!" said Bellows. "Something doing in my line, eh? Good-evening, sergeant. How do you do, Mr. Snowden?"

I gasped with surprise. The sergeant gasped with surprise. Mac gasped with surprise.

"Do you know him?" demanded the sergeant.

"Why, of course," answered the omniscient Mr. Bellows; "everybody in New York knows Mr. Snowden. I handled the story for my paper that time you bowled over Bishop Jenning's brougham on the Avenue," he added, with a touch of professional pride.

"Awfully glad to see you again, old chap," I said, wringing his hand. "I've got into no end of a scrape, and you're just the man to help me out. Charlie, take Mr. and Mrs. Porter home. I'll stay here and talk to Mr. Bellows."

Marian eyed me with indignant surprise, but her escort took his cue like a veteran—confound him!

"Come along, dear," he said; "Billy is right; we might as well go home."

XII

"NOW, Bellows, old chap," I began.

"Just a minute, Mr. Snowden," said Bellows, reaching for his pencil and copy-paper.

"There's really nothing to make a story about," I declared. "It's a trivial case of mistaken identity, that's all."

"Mistaken identity? Why, that's great, Mr. Snowden; better than I'd hoped for!"

"He stole his own car," interrupted the sergeant.

"And he's down on the blotter for burglary and grand larceny," said Mac.

"Ripping!" exclaimed Mr. Bellows. "Simply ripping!"

"If you must write something, I hope you'll properly roast the sergeant," I said vindictively.

"But that would spoil the story," protested Mr. Bellows.

"The lady identified him as Bill Snow," growled the sergeant.

"Merely a pet name," I defended.

"By the way, who are Mr. and Mrs. Porter?" asked Mr. Bellows.

"Cousins of mine from Albany. I hope you won't include them in your story, Bellows."

"I'll only mention them," said Bellows. "Are they stopping with you?"

"They're at the Holland House," I lied brazenly.

"And you were dining together?"

"No. I lent them my car, with a chauffeur, this afternoon, and they promised to show up at my apartment at half-past six and take me to dinner at this café. It seems that they went for a longer ride than they had at first intended, for at quarter to seven they telephoned that they were too ravenously hungry to wait for dinner, so were dining without me. Naturally, that made me furious, so I hired an automobile, drove to the café, stole my own car and tooted back to town—just to get even, you know. Of course, Charlie, the chauffeur, missed the car, and, supposing it had been stolen, telephoned the police, who captured me on West Seventy-second Street and brought me here."

"It's a pippin of a story!" said Bellows. "Hospitable millionaire—greedy cousins from the country—unique revenge—police—burglary—grand larceny—with a grand-stand finish! What did you say your cousin's first name was?"

"John," I said. "Between you and me, Bellows, I've never liked him."

"The lady identified him," persisted the sergeant.

"Yes," said Bellows. "How about the Bill Snow part, Mr. Snowden?"

"I hope you'll leave that part out of your story, Bellows. I'm er—er—rather fond of the lady, don't you know, and ——"

"I see," said the astute Mr. Bellows. "You can rely on my handling the lady with the greatest delicacy, Mr. Snowden. I say, Mac, you haven't put any of the other fellows on to this story, have you?"

"Not on your life," said Mac.

"If it's a beat for me, it's a box of cigars apiece for you and the sergeant."

"I'll multiply that by ten, with a hundred boxes for yourself, Bellows, if you don't print the story at all," I promised.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," said Bellows; "it wouldn't be honorable! A man can't throw down his paper, you know."

"I suppose not," I replied dismally. "Maybe I could fix it up with your managing editor. Who is managing editor of your paper now, Bellows?"

"Jack Halliday," said Bellows.

"Halliday!" I groaned.

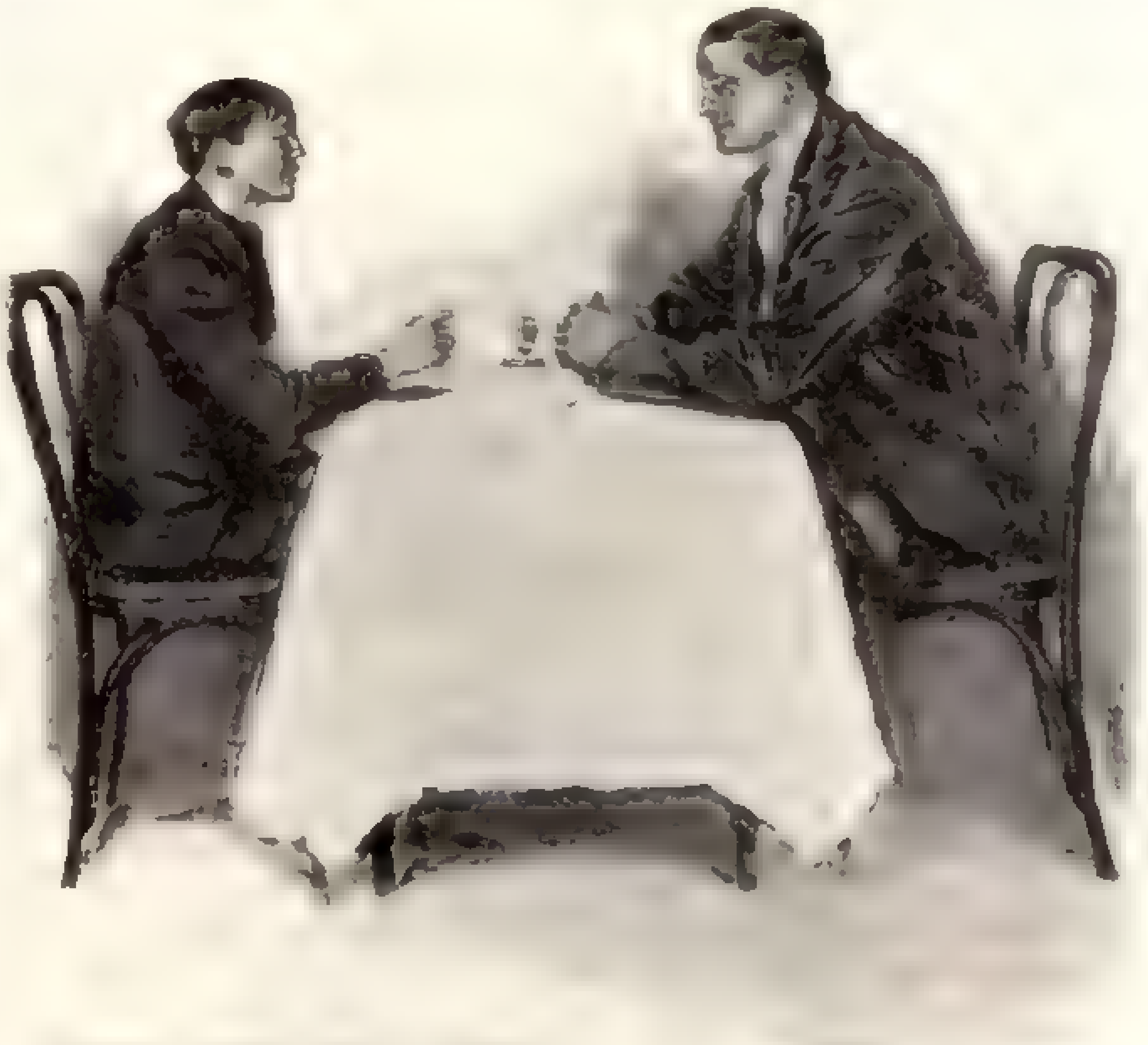
"Know him?"

"Rather! You've noticed that broken nose of his?"

"Sure, I have."

"Well, I broke it for him," I confessed.

"You don't say so!" said the surprised Mr. Bellows.



I Felt Like Apologizing to Him, and I Did So—
With a Twenty-Dollar Bill

"And I had him kicked out of the Lions' Club," I continued.

Bellows looked at me admiringly; some long-held grudge against his managing editor evidently rankled in his mind. "I can't kill the story, Mr. Snowden—I can't, honestly; but, if you don't mind, I'd like to shake hands with you," he said.

We shook hands solemnly.

"I'd like to shake hands, too," said the sergeant, edging toward us.

"Same here," said Mac.

"Halliday tried to break me last winter," continued the sergeant.

"Three months in Brooklyn is what he handed me," said Mac.

"If it wasn't for Bellows and Rooker, we'd hold out on him every time," declared the sergeant.

"Bet yer life we would," said Mac.

We shook hands almost affectionately.

"Every man must do his duty as he sees it," I remarked magnanimously.

"That's right," agreed the trio.

"I think I hear your automobile outside," Mac announced.

"Good-night, boys," I said. "I'll give you a lift as far as Times Square if you like, Bellows."

"Good-night, Mr. Snowden," said the sergeant. "You can count on me the next time you're run in."

Mac accompanied me to the curb. "Say, Mr. Snowden," he said in a low voice, "if you ever feel like hitting her up on Riverside Drive, just go to it. I'll fix it up with the boys."

"That's very kind of you, Mac," I murmured.

"No," said Mac, "that ain't kindness—it's justice."

XIII

WITH Charlie at the wheel, we made for the Circle then down Broadway. Nobody spoke a word. Bellows, no doubt, was thinking of the story he was to write, and Charlie, intent on an ever-present problem, was dodging cabs and shaving surface cars. As for myself, the events of the evening danced dizzily, a mad phantasmagoria, before my eyes: I was arrested for burglary, Marian was beside me in the police station, looking both sorry and indignant, while over and over again the sergeant repeated: "She identified him as Bill Snow. The lady called him Bill Snow."

Bellows left us in the glaring light of Times Square, diving into the Subway to catch a local for Grand Central, and from there an express to Park Row.

Times Square! The old name was good enough for me. What were we coming to, anyway? It used to be Longacre Square.

It suddenly occurred to me that I was hungry. By George, here it was ten o'clock, and I hadn't dined yet!

The lights of a famous restaurant beckoned to me. Its patrons were all at the theatre, and it didn't scruple to turn an honest penny during their absence.

A moment later we drew up in front of a well-known chop-house. "Come in and share a steak with me, Charlie," I said.

Once inside, I ordered a large porterhouse.

It takes a pair of knaves to open a jack-pot, and a parson and a prayer to open the Senate. But the proper opener for a peace conference is a large porterhouse steak

My hunger satisfied, I was no longer in the mood to shake my fist at the world.

"Now, lad," I said, "tell me all about it."

"About my taking out your car this evening?"

"Yes Charlie."

"Well, sir, a man rang up the garage, about half-past six, and said he was your man. Collins, I think he called himself."

"Go on."

"And he told me you wanted your car sent around to Number — Central Park West. I asked Sam if it was all right (I haven't been with the Reliance people very long, you know), and Sam told me to go ahead and take the car to the address your man had given me. When I got there I rang the bell, expecting to leave the car and cut back to the garage, but the young lady asked me to drive for her, so I did. That's all, Mr. Snowden."

"Did she—er—seem surprised to see you, Charlie?"

"Yes, sir; I think she did."

And this was the lad whom Jerry Spinner had mistrusted, whom I myself had cursed for a rogue and a rascal! I felt like apologizing to him, and I did so—with a twenty-dollar bill.

"It has been rather an unusual night for us both, Charlie."

"It has, indeed, sir," he replied with a satisfied smile.

I now burned to get home and question Collins. Not that I needed to question him, for I thought I understood exactly what had happened: Marian must have telephoned, not long after I had started for my walk, and when she had asked for Bill Snow, Collins, realizing how important it was, had promptly thrown himself into the breach.

No, Bill Snow wasn't in. Was there anything he could do?

Yes. She wanted the automobile at a quarter to seven. Could she have it?

"Certainly, miss. Where shall I send it?"

"Number — Central Park West, please."

"Thank you, miss. Good-by."

Where I had been such an ass was to believe that Marian couldn't possibly ring up again. But hadn't I seen her with my two eyes, talking to Jimmie Redmond?

It seemed that I had misjudged Jimmie, also. He had kept his own counsel—good old Jimmie! He was a dear, discreet fellow, and I loved him.

Of course, Collins had set out in search of me as soon as he'd hung up the receiver. Not finding me, he had made good by ordering the car sent around.

Well, there would be no more Bill Snow excitement, that was certain. His name was Mud now, forever and ever.

Collins' story coincided exactly with my theory as to what had happened.

"I hope I didn't do wrong, sir," he said, in conclusion.

"I'm sure you acted most intelligently, Collins," I replied.

"I made my mistake in going down the Avenue, instead of up," he continued. "You see, sir, I thought you would walk toward your club."

"And I made my mistake in going up the Avenue, instead of down," I said. "I've had a rather exciting evening, Collins. Among other things, I've been arrested for burglary and grand larceny."

"My word!" gasped Collins.

"By the way, I'd like to have a copy of the Dispatch with my coffee to-morrow morning."

"Anything else, sir?"

"No, Collins. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir. I'm very sorry things went wrong, sir."

I paced up and down my sitting-room for some time before retiring. What in thunder would that story in the Dispatch be like? Why in thunder did I have to go and get myself into such a bally mess? And who in thunder was that good-looking chap who had gone riding with Marian in my car? After all, that was the question that worried me most.

"Come along, dear; Billy is right. We might as well go home." Those were his exact words.

"Dear!"

XIV

I AWOKE next morning with a sense of impending unpleasantness. After a yawn or two, I remembered what the day held for me.

If Bellows had made a clean beat of it for his paper I needn't worry till the afternoon papers were on the street, for nobody read the Dispatch—that is, nobody west of Madison Avenue.

Of course, my cousin John Porter, from Albany, might be a regular subscriber (he looked quite capable of it), but none of my friends was, thank Heaven! And even Cousin John would have the decency not to send a marked copy of the Dispatch to Marian.

But, perhaps, some other enterprising reporter had stumbled on the story. What an ass I'd been not to tell Collins to buy all the morning papers! I'd do so at once, and he could run out and get them while I was in my bath.

When Collins returned I was dressed in an old brown suit—the one I had worn the day I had taken Marian and Tou-tou and Aunt Elizabeth for a ride—the one with the dollar sewed safe in the waistcoat pocket. If things got too hot for me, I'd hop into my car and make a dash for Long Island, by George!

With my coffee on the table in front of me, the Dispatch at my elbow, I ordered Collins to glance through the papers he had just bought, and, if he saw anything about my being arrested, to mark it and lay it aside for me. Then I opened the Dispatch.

It wouldn't be on the front page, of course. By Jove, it was, though! Almost a column of it, sandwiched in between The Latest Armenian Atrocities and the Unprecedented Flurry in Chewing Gum, Preferred. Oh, it was there, safe enough!

LATEST ESCAPADE OF MILLIONAIRE SNOWDEN

MOTOR-MAD MEMBER OF THE EXCLUSIVE AMSTERDAM CLUB STEALS AUTOMOBILE

IS ARRESTED FOR BURGLARY

SNOWDEN'S DEFENSE: "COUSINS WERE GREEDY; THE AUTOMOBILE WAS MINE"

There followed a hectic version of my last night's adventure, in which "*William Snowden, member of New York's most exclusive clubs, and sole heir of the late Commodore Snowden, of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club,*" was held up as a horrible example of the unemployed rich, while his new-found cousin, Mr. John Porter, of Albany, was painted as a gluttonous gourmand with a singularly beautiful young wife. And that was what Bellows called "handling the lady with the greatest delicacy!"

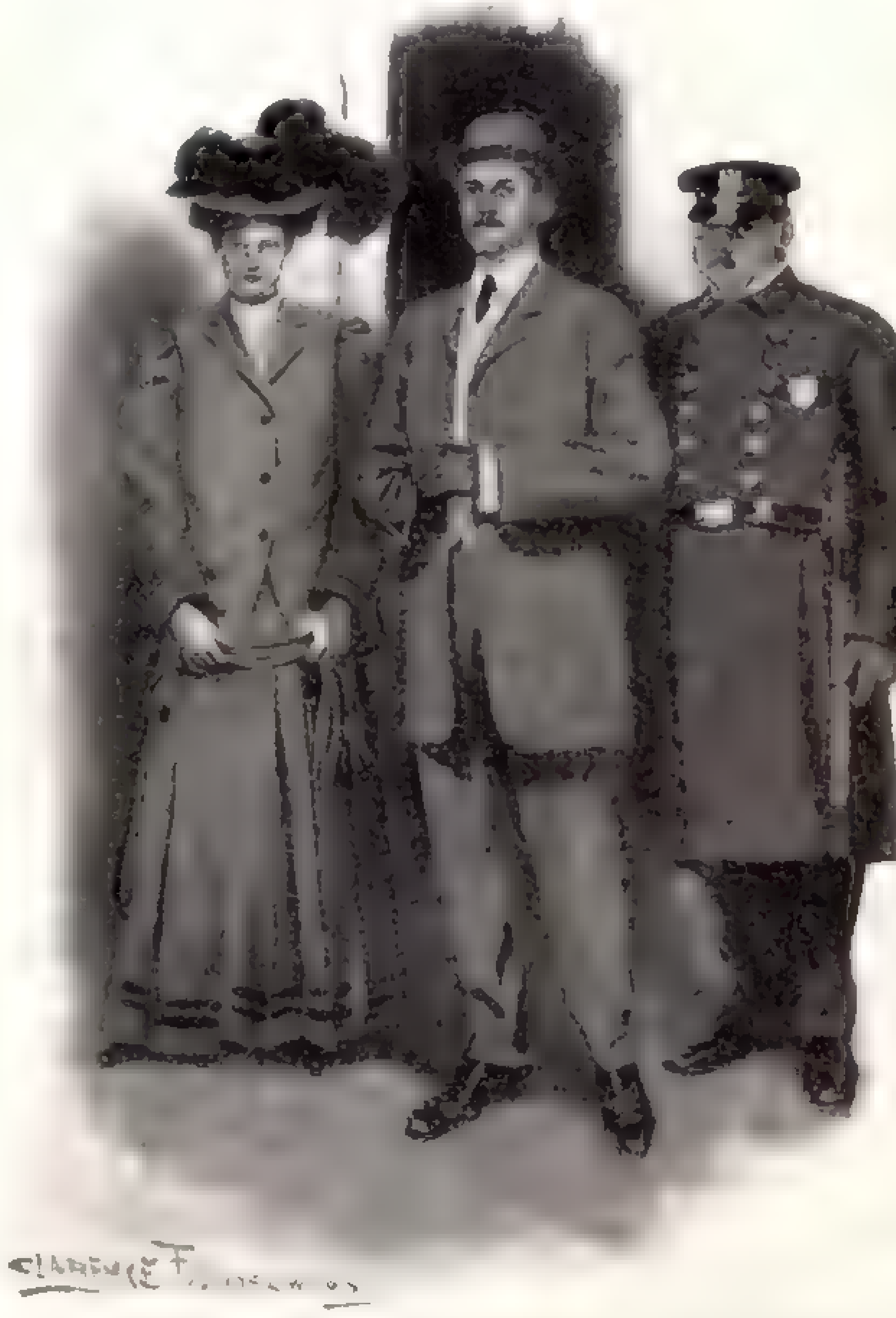
Wouldn't the editor of the Dispatch have a fit, though, when he discovered that there were no such persons as Mr. and Mrs. John Porter stopping at the Holland House? Wouldn't the afternoon papers make my life miserable for me? Wouldn't Bellows rage when he learned that I had deceived him—that I had no cousins? And wouldn't the other morning papers (by this time Collins had been through the lot and had found no mention of my name) sneer at the Dispatch under such likely caption as this:

REPORTER ON THE DISPATCH IS HANDED GOLD BRICK BY MOTOR-MANIAC

OUR ALBANY CORRESPONDENT WIRES: "SNOWDEN'S COUSINS DO NOT EXIST"

And wouldn't they all get busy and print copies of my uncle's, the Commodore's will, and photographs of my apartment house? And wouldn't they turn New York upside down in search of Mr. and Mrs. John Porter? Just wouldn't they?

By Jove, I'd better get busy myself! I'd ring up the garage and have Charlie bring the car over at eleven, and at the same time warn him to keep his mouth shut if any reporters turned up. Then I'd get the club on the wire and order two boxes of their best cigars sent to the Sixty-sixth Street police station, one for "the sergeant on duty at the time of Mr. Snowden's arrest" (I didn't know his name) and the other for "Mac, with Mr. Snowden's compliments." Then I'd ring up Jimmie Redmond. Then I'd ——



A Girl, Accompanied by a Man Whom I'd Seen Once Before, Walked into the Room

I quite forgot the fourth item on my mental list, for the telephone began ringing, and it rang, and it rang, and it rang.

"Would Mr. Snowden see a representative of the Evening World?"

"No."

"Would Mr. Snowden see a representative of the Telegram?"

"No!"

"Would Mr. Snowden see a representative of the Evening Journal?"

"No!!"

"Would Mr. Snowden see a representative of the Mail and Express?"

"No!!!"

"He might as well, for they'd print the story, anyway."

"Print it and be ——!"

I managed to get in my telephone call to the garage, somehow. I asked for Charlie.

Charlie wasn't about.

Where was Charlie?

He wasn't working there any longer.

The deuce he wasn't! Had he quit?

No. He'd been discharged.

Been discharged?

Yes. Who was this, please?

This was Mr. Snowden.

Oh! It was Mr. Snowden! "After reading the Dispatch this morning, Mr. Snowden, I concluded that I didn't need Charlie any longer."

"Am I to understand that you discharged him on my account?"

"Certainly, sir. The young scoundrel was plainly responsible for your arrest."

By this time I was beside myself. "Why, you mountain of imbecility!" I roared. "Charlie's the best driver you've got! If you don't take him back at once—at once, mind—I'll build a garage next to yours, and hire him to take charge of it!"

"I'll send for him right away, Mr. Snowden."

"You'd better," I said. "I want my car this morning, and I want Charlie to bring it to me. If he isn't here by eleven, I'm done with your garage, and done with you. Do you understand?"

I hung up the receiver, only to take it down again.

"Could Miss Dobbins, of the Herald, see Mr. Snowden in his apartment at two?"

"Certainly not!"

"At one, then?"

"No. Miss Dobbins couldn't see Mr. Snowden at all."

Then Collins came into the room. "You know those reporters, Mr. Snowden?"

"What reporters, Collins?"

"The ones that have been telephoning to you all morning. Well, sir, I've just found it out from one of the hall-boys: they're all lined up on the front steps, waiting for you to come down."

XV

I HEARD Collins' interesting announcement with indifference. No doubt half the reporters waiting for me below were armed with cameras. Well, what of it? I only hoped that all the reporters in New York were on my trail, for the one thought that bothered me now was that they might find out who Mrs. John Porter really was. Perhaps, I ought to telephone to Marian and warn her of her danger. Reporters were such devilishly enterprising people; they were almost sure to find her, sooner or later. But, maybe, the telephone wasn't in her name.

There were at least thirty Standishes in the telephone-book—Martha, Michael, Millicent—but no Marian.

What a fool I'd been not to look at the street numbers! Here it was now: "561 Riverside—Standish, Elizabeth." That was Aunt Elizabeth, of course.

As I took down the receiver I felt as I imagine a soldier might when about to be court-martialed for a grave offense. "Is this 561 Riverside?" I asked in a trembling voice.

"Yes."

"Is Miss Marian Standish in?"

"Who is this, please?"

"This is Mr. Snowden."

"Miss Standish is out of town, Mr. Snowden. Is there any message?"

"Er—no," I faltered.

A click at the other end of the wire told me that the person to whom I had been talking had hung up. And to whom had I been talking? Was it Marian, herself? Was it Aunt Elizabeth? Or was it a maid? And, most important of all, was Marian really out of town, or was she only out of town to Mr. William Snowden?

I felt snubbed, sat upon, distinctly unhappy. Of course, she wasn't out of town. Well, I'd done my best to warn her, and very possibly she was out of town, after all.

The next thing was to locate Jimmie Redmond. I simply had to see Jimmie. I'd make him go to Long Island with me, by George! He was a loyal little devil; he'd see me through this affair, and he'd fix it up for me to meet Marian, too. Now that Bill Snow was dead, I'd have to pin all my hopes on Jimmie. How in blazes had he managed to meet Marian, anyway?

Alas, for my hopes! Although I tried every number I could think of, Jimmie was not to be found.

At two minutes to eleven Collins helped me into a long dust-coat; I donned cap and goggles. Now I was prepared to meet a battery of cameras, a regiment of reporters. It is comforting to know, in this prying world, that one is still permitted the disguise of goggles.

(Continued on Page 32)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 22, 1907

Star-Spangled Brickbats

WE RECALL a spirited discussion of long ago as to whether self-respecting Americans should permit themselves to read the works of Charles Dickens. Arguments in the negative were quite passionate. The principal impression of us which Dickens had recorded was that we chewed tobacco, put our feet on the porch railing and rushed to our meals—three habits which he strongly reprobated. Many thought that we should resent this calumnious view by refusing to read David Copperfield.

Dickens' novels now enjoy an unreproached popularity on this side the water. We still put our feet on the porch railing. The reports of the tobacco trust testify to an unfaltering national appetite for fine-cut and plug. Our latest view of a lower Broadway restaurant at the noon hour does not encourage a belief that celerity in feeding is falling into disuse. In short, the little patriotic sputter changed nothing at all.

The joys of a patriotic sputter are irresistible to some people. Scarce a glorious anniversary of our independence passes but some sturdy Briton valiantly unfurls the emblem of his nation, promptly drawing a collection of brickbats from the hands of vigilant patriots.

In the gentle domain of literature the flourishing of the flag and the heaving of the brick proceed intermittently. Only the other day, in a leading London journal, an anonymous correspondent hoisted the union jack and bade us defiance. He said Americans had no manners. An American lady, famous in letters, chanced to be first upon the spot. To seize a brick in each hand and let fly was but the work of an instant. Englishmen, she said, ate corned-beef and cabbage (smash went a window-light); they didn't know how to bathe (again the sound of broken glass)—at least until Americans taught them (a muffled cry of surprise and pain from behind the shattered sash).

Still, we doubt if we can make all foreigners approve us. The supply of bricks, while large, is not unlimited.

Railroad Pooling as a Remedy

WE WISH the President's Indianapolis speech had been even more emphatic in declaring that railroads should have the right to pool. To bring about a permanently satisfactory condition, pooling is a step only second in importance to Government supervision of rates and practices.

The most objectionable developments of the last ten years would have had no shadow of excuse if pools had been permitted. The carriers have been directing all their energies to the elimination of competition. All the big strategy of the decade has been directed to that end. The simple expedient of pooling being forbidden, there has been much financial jugglery and the injection into the mass of railroad capitalization of hundreds of millions of collateral trust bonds, and so on, that were issued to concentrate railroad ownership and so prevent competition.

Pooling, we think, would at once clear up the rate situation. Rail transportation would then be legally and confessedly what it now is behind a mask—that is, a monopoly. It would then be recognized clearly enough that rates must be based intelligently upon the cost of the service, a reasonable depreciation, and a fair return upon the investment. Already some railroad men look forward to this condition, and are friendly to the proposal that the plants be appraised as a preliminary to this intelligent method of rate-making. It is time. Of late half a dozen States have reduced passenger rates to two cents a mile. Nebraska and Virginia, for example, have said, in effect, "Your only method for rate-making is to charge what you think the traffic will bear. Often you don't know, in fact, whether a particular rate is profitable or not. Well, we will take a hand at the guessing. We will guess that two cents a mile from Omaha to North Platte or from Roanoke to Norfolk is what the traffic will bear."

The railroads object that two cents must be too low for the sparsely populated regions named; but the legislatures go ahead with their two-cent fare acts. With this sort of thing growing in popularity, the roads must be in a position to defend a rate by something more cogent than a general opinion that it is what the traffic will bear.

The Insoluble Hired Girl

WHEN a woman of light and standing announces that she has solved the servant problem, we instantly sit up and take notice. But we regret to say that the lady is misled. We have analyzed her specific, and find it in a class with somebody's Bitters. It does, on first taking, induce a sensation of well-being; but this is wholly due to the deceitful presence of C_2H_5OH, and soon passes away, leaving the hired girl as unsolved as ever.

"Treat your servant," she says, "as a member of the family; have her eat at the table with you; take her to the theatre; introduce her to your guests; make her one of yourselves."

That looks plausible—from the point of view of the employer. But—as with nearly all other alleged solutions of this question—it leaves the servant's feelings wholly out of account. With some families and some servants it might work; but not generally. An acquaintance of ours tried it. "Hilda said," he reports, "that she would be a member of the family if we would double her wages. She is a neat, cheerful, well-mannered person. She was as nice as possible about it; but she pointed out that the family breakfast, with papa usually grouchy, mamma more or less nervous and the children misbehaved, was not a function that an outsider would voluntarily participate in. At dinner our conversation was mostly of persons and events that she was unacquainted with. She said gently that we, who were blood relations, could hardly endure Uncle Peter and Aunt Jemima, while my wife broke down and wept when it was announced that Cousin Martha's children were coming. Why should she, upon whom they had no claim of kinship, afflict herself with these persons? She added that she had her own friends, who were naturally far more interesting to her than ours, and who took up such time as she could spare for sociability."

The Country Merchant

THE parcels-post bill, we are told, will be taken up at the next session of Congress. Effective opposition to it will probably come, not from the express companies, but from country merchants, to whom a parcels post appears mostly as an agency for furthering the encroachments of the mail-order houses.

It has been pointed out to the country merchant many times that he ought to go. In a country town of two thousand inhabitants there are, say, six independent grocers, each handling sugar, salt, matches, and so on. If industry were fully organized one of the six would be driving a delivery wagon for the sugar trust, another for the salt trust, a third for the match trust, and so on. They would receive wages of about forty dollars a month while sound and active, and live with their families in a neat but not gaudy joint-trust dormitory.

It is absolutely undeniable that under this system consumers would get goods cheaper—perhaps, as much as half a cent a box on matches, for instance. And, out of the saving thus effected, they would cheerfully pay enough additional taxes to accommodate, in the poorhouse, such ex-grocers as passed the age of fifty and were not sprightly enough to hold their jobs. All this has been explained to the country merchant over and over again, but he remains obdurate, blocking the industrial millennium from purely selfish motives.

Nevertheless, we do not believe that a parcels post would prove any such oppressive institution to the country merchant as philanthropic gentlemen who are interested in the express business have informed him it would. Country retailers in England have not found it so. We believe that its benefits to the country merchant—by enabling him to fill small special orders in the city for his patrons, to distribute goods cheaply through the rural mail routes, and so on—would more than offset its disadvantages.

The Animals in the Schoolroom

WE REGRET exceedingly the controversy between President Roosevelt and the Reverend Mr. Long. We fear it will tend to blight and retard the study of wild animals in public schools. When one distinguished authority on this subject makes loud assertions to the general effect that another and equally distinguished authority derived his notions of the caribou from contemplating a skinned calf in front of the meat market, school boards will naturally be nervous about putting the stamp of their approval on animal literature for the children. Some critic might bob up and demonstrate that the man who wrote their textbook labored under the misapprehension that buffaloes have fins.

If the occasion required it we should not hesitate to dispute either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Long, or both; for we have noticed that in this particular field the man who disputes any statement whatever can always make out just as good a case as the other fellow. Our concern, however, is solely with the effect of this controversy upon education. We should hate to see wild-animal study banished from the public schools.

Nor do we deem it in the least essential whether the child reads that the wolf bit the caribou or the caribou bit the wolf. He will never meet either caribou or wolf, except at a circus, and by that time he will have entirely forgotten what the book said about it. Can you tell, if a farmer exchanged a quarter-section of land for a thousand hogsheads of oil, how many pints of oil that would be per square rod of land? You cannot. Yet you spent about a quarter of your grammar-school years learning how to find out just that. Can you parse and diagram the opening sentence of Paradise Lost? You cannot. Yet you spent several school years learning the rules of grammar.

Outside of a schoolroom nobody, generally speaking, needs or wishes to know how many rods there are in an acre or how to parse anything, or whether caribous bite wolves. Animals, however, are naturally interesting, while acres and Paradise Lost are not.

Gold and Revolution in Russia

THE Imperial Bank of Russia holds gold to the amount of five hundred and sixty million dollars—the largest single horde in Europe. This measures the strength of the present régime. Just before the first Douma convened in May, 1906, the Russian Government floated a loan of four hundred and forty million dollars. Europe was then looking hopefully upon Russian affairs in view of the approaching meeting of the National Parliament. Nevertheless, the Government had to market the five per cent. bonds at eighty-five cents on the dollar.

With the proceeds of that loan in hand, the Czar, in July, abruptly dissolved the Douma. That body declared that the Russian people would not be responsible for any further national loan which was made without the consent of their representatives.

The bank rate in St. Petersburg is seven per cent. With present internal conditions the Government could not borrow abroad at pawnbrokers' rates. The Imperial Bank's gold horde is the last bulwark of Romanoff reign. Meanwhile, the present Douma talks about many things, but principally about the land question. It is admitted that about a hundred million acres should be made available for peasant holdings. The Constitutional Democrats favor a scheme which the Government calls confiscatory. The Government urges a milder, more gradual process of transfer.

The cure for Russia's troubles is bona-fide representative government. All other measures are comparatively unimportant. The present régime understands the situation. It will not spare a dollar from its huge gold horde to relieve famine-stricken peasants.

The Man with a Million

MORE than one thousand persons have already written to a Western man who recently inherited six million dollars, advising him how to become the benefactor of his race by putting his money into their projects. Up to the present time, however, he labors under the delusion that certain ideas of his own upon the distribution of his wealth are rather more important than any which have yet come to him from outside.

Let us, however, suppose, for the moment, that our six-million-dollar man does not remain wrapped in his armor-proof mantle of egotism; that he harkens to his advisers, and, after the deliberation proper to such momentous decision, responds to their invitation to write his name in imperishable letters upon Humanity's page. What then? If the projects which he finances should ultimately fail to do what is promised for them—and there is always such a chance—what may he expect from the world at large? Will his contemporaries applaud him as a millionaire-martyr and history make record of his unselfish sacrifice? Perhaps. Yet, remembering the experience of certain personages of wealth whose purses were poured into the laps of "men with ideas," skepticism flavors our speculation.

The angle of the world's vision is not such as to enable it to see the endowment of failures in its true proportions. For such experiments it has a hard old saying about a fool and his money. It might be well to remember this when we are tempted to heap scorn upon our millionaires for spending their money on themselves. Who shall say which project shall be a success and which a failure? The millionaire least of all—in the opinion of those who are not millionaires.

WALL-STREET MEN

WALL STREET'S Friend, Philosopher and Guide for the Young Man is Frank Vanderlip. You can't throw a stone down there without striking some one for whom he has stood sponsor, got a job, or whom he has fathered financially. Incidentally he has been of some aid to himself, for, at the age of forty-one, he is vice-president of the National City Bank, and it is expected that he will be president when James Stillman retires.

Mr. Vanderlip has upset some of the traditions of Wall Street, for he was not born to the purple of high finance heirship, nor had he a birthright of fat directorships and syndicate snaps. He simply came out of the breezy West, like the young man of the poem, and made good in a big way that has made Wall Street sit up. The fact that the National City Bank is the so-called Standard Oil bank did not make it a well-oiled or easy-running machine, either.

Mr. Vanderlip is a "reformed" newspaper man, and, like George B. Cortelyou, graduated from stenography. Then he became a reporter. He sized up the financial game as a "big story" and landed it. When he was on the Chicago Tribune he was sent out to interview Lyman J. Gage. After he had got his battery of cross-examination well into action the banker turned on him suddenly and asked: "Young man, are you a lawyer?"

"No, sir," replied the reporter; "but I've been looking up this matter some."

This unexpected way of "looking up" things has been one reason why he has risen in Wall Street as if he had been hitched to an airship. For Wall Street, you must remember, seldom takes the trouble to find out what the rest of the country looks like, or is thinking about. Its vision is usually bounded on the north by the Union Club and on the south by the Stock Exchange. East and west don't count very much.

Lyman Gage was the Moses who led Vanderlip out of the Chicago wilderness, for the young financier's road to Wall Street was by way of the Treasury Department at Washington. At thirty-three he was Assistant-Secretary. One day James Stillman came over to Washington and said to Mr. Gage, who was then Secretary of the Treasury:

"I want a bright young man who knows finance."

"I know such a man," replied the Secretary. "His name is Vanderlip, but you can't get him."

But the National City Bank did get him, for it has a way of usually getting what it wants.

Then came the remarkable thing that Wall Street still talks about in wonder. After Mr. Vanderlip had gone abroad to get the departmental kinks out of him, his chief said to him:

"There is a desk. Be vice-president for a while."

Making a Job for Himself

HE HAD stepped into a perfectly organized institution; he succeeded nobody; therefore he had to cut out a job for himself. Wall Street, and Wall-Street banks especially, had been used to the divine right of succession.

It made no difference with Mr. Vanderlip. He made things happen. He reorganized the bank's foreign business, he created a bond department; he set the fashion, now used by all metropolitan banks, of going after the accounts of country banks; he put ginger, snap, and the idea of "team-work" into the staff. He formed a club for the bank employees, in which messengers and cashier sit side by side, listening to practical talks on how each could do his job better. He became Wall Street's Prize Spellbinder, and, for years, no bankers' convention was complete without his speech. He thawed out Wall-Street reserve. In brief, he became a power among the powers that be.

He made further defiance to Wall-Street traditions by establishing himself at a desk in one corner of a big room where all his assistants worked. You could see the moment you entered whether he was "in" or "out." No mystic maze of anterooms or cordon of vigilant office boys for him. He believes in being out in the open, and he is the most accessible of all the big bankers in the Street.

But when young men come to him to ask about "careers in Wall Street" he laconically says: "Don't."

His recipe for getting there is summed up in a single sentence: "Do the day's work as best you can."

As an antidote to the strenuous financial game, Mr. Vanderlip leads the simple life up the Hudson at Scarborough. He has gone in for chicken raising, and his friends call his house the "Palais de Poulet."

Not long ago he came down in the morning, gingerly carrying a suit-case. On account of the extreme care with which he handled it, his secretary thought it contained either gold or dynamite.

"Handle it tenderly," he said. "It's full of home-grown eggs." He had brought them in to be sent to his "home folks" in Chicago.

F. A. Vanderlip
Wall Street's Prize Spellbinder

When you ask the veterans of Wall Street who will be the coming big banker, they point down the narrow highway where the flagpole of the National City Bank sticks out, and say: "He's there already."

Henry Clews has been in Wall Street so long that the ticker refuses to quote his age or service. So far as all known records are concerned, he came in on the heels of the panic of 1857, which was known as the Western Blizzard. Yet the only frost that he seems to have gotten in all these years is that which has whitened his few remaining hairs. He is one of the last of the old guard, and he has played a large part. He has an opinion on every known financial topic constantly ready.

Mr. Clews antedated the "Seeing-New-York" idea by many decades. His was more original and personal, too; for it was he who created and developed the picturesque custom of "How to Know the Quotation Board," or "Personally Conducted Tours to the Domain of Speculation." In fact, he originated the present style of quotation board that stands in every broker's establishment. But that was so long ago that Wall Street refuses to remember the date.

If you should drop into his large customers' room any fine day when the market is chirping up you would find Mr. Clews standing before the quotation board, gravely lecturing on the whys and the wherefores of the rise and fall of prices. If you happened to have been hardened by the peculiar style of oratory practiced by the lecturers of "rubber-neck wagons" you might expect to hear something like this:

"On the right is the Union Pacific, leaping from point to point with the money-devils in hot pursuit; on the left you behold Amalgamated Copper, rising serenely from the shreds of the Lawson balloon."

The fact is Mr. Clews is the only Wall-Street man who adorns speculation with literary trimmings. He was the original believer in publicity for Wall Street, and he was the first broker to send out syndicate letters on the condition of the market, free of charge, to the press.

Some one asked Mr. Clews the other day how he was able to stick at the game so long, whereupon he replied:

"I've kept moving all the time."

Thomas Fortune Ryan—Philanthropist

THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN is maintaining his reputation as a philanthropist. This year there was no Equitable to be saved, so he is acting as "angel" for the Jamestown Exposition. But when Wall Street links the word philanthropy with Ryan, it smiles and adds:

"Philanthropy—for revenue only."

He is the sphinx of the Street, and his silence covers a multitude of things. He sits at a desk in an office in Nassau Street, where no one enters unless he has business or something to say. He is sturdy, keen-eyed and vigilant. He is seldom, if ever, interviewed; but he works swiftly and surely.

His deeds have spoken for him. He is the most accomplished life-saver of sinking financial craft that the Street or country has ever known. Financial disaster for others has always spelled fortune to him.

Ryan casts his life-buoy upon the troubled waters, and it returns after many days, bearing dollars. A half-dozen huge propositions, ranging from the Seaboard Air Line to the vast Metropolitan traction interests, could tell the story of his unerring rehabilitation—and watering. He never buys but to sell; he never sells but to gain. Failure is unknown to him so far. In 1868 he was a poorly-paid clerk in Baltimore. In less than ten years he was in the New York Stock Exchange and very rich. No man knows how.

When he bought the Equitable he incurred the bitter enmity of E. H. Harriman, who had previously found the insurance company useful. When men like Harriman and Ryan hate, it means that sooner or later there will be something doing. Wall Street is waiting.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ryan has a few diversions. He builds a magnificent cathedral and backs a Catholic encyclopædia. But he gives just as he works, without any trumpets and outriders.

The late "Silent" James Henry Smith was a noisy man alongside Thomas F. Ryan.

Schiff, the Almoner

JACOB H. SCHIFF is the almoner of Wall Street. A whole begging world comes to his door, hat in hand. Not all of it sees Mr. Schiff, but most of it sees his secretary of philanthropy, who knows neither creed nor color in the giving. In fact, as a man remarked the other day:

"It is easier for a Gentile to get help from Mr. Schiff than from his own kind."

Mr. Schiff is a kindly, accessible, gravely-courteous man who wears the same kind of broad white necktie all the year around. He is always to be found at a long, low desk at the end of a stately room that has more of the atmosphere of a salon than the air of a place where whole industrial empires have been financed.

Mr. Schiff makes his own engagements and he keeps them in his head. Usually secretaries fill up the great man's time. But he will have none of that.

You never hear "stories" about Jacob H. Schiff up and down the Street. But in a subtle, unobtrusive way he is always there.

John W. Gates' Farewell

AFTER having hunted bears in Wall Street, John W. Gates has retired to shoot boars in France. Thus Wall Street loses its most picturesque plunger. But Wall Street also asks if it is not another case of Patti "farewell," and if he isn't coming back again. For you can't keep a fellow like Gates out of the game long.

The other day, when one of his friends was congratulating him on his retirement, Gates replied: "You can't beat this game."

"Well," returned the man, "if you can't, nobody can."

Gates was the leader of the so-called "Western crowd." He was never happy unless he had a bunch of millions suspended in midair. He would bet on anything that walked, crawled or flew. He is the direct opposite of J. P. Morgan, and the coolness between them is proverbial.

The way Gates got control of the Louisville and Nashville was characteristic. He was looking over the field for mutton when his eye fell on this dignified Southern road that had kept the even and unspeculative tenor of its way, with the Belmonts as chaperons.

One day a Kentucky director of the road came to New York for a board meeting. Gates got hold of him, took him up to the Waldorf, where he lived, and became amiable. All his wild and woolly frills were combed out. The director was flattered by the attention of the great Wall-Street plunger and had a pleasant, sociable evening. He remarked casually that there was enough Louisville and Nashville stock on the market for a controlling interest.

The next day Gates hurled himself into the market and began to buy Louisville and Nashville. It was midsummer, but the way he tore up things made the temperature tremble. Before the Belmonts rallied their forces Gates owned a controlling interest in the road. Mr. Morgan, who had watched the performance with lowering brow, sent for Gates.

"Gates," he said, "you are not the kind of man to control that road."

"All right," was the reply. "Get some one better—with the price." And Mr. Morgan got him.

Gates likes a fellow-plunger. That is why he backed Thompson and Dundy, who built Luna Park at Coney Island, and with it created a new meaning for the phrase "summer amusement."

Gates put up part of the money to build the New York Hippodrome. When the water-tank was installed in the huge playhouse a Wall-Street wag remarked:

"What a pity the Gates crowd has no stock to float!"

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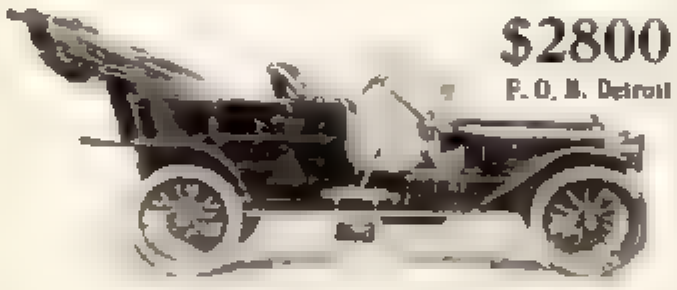

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In the Open

Kicking Among the Spectators—The Get-There Spirit—What Are Rules For?

ALTHOUGH New York City is notoriously partisan and quite accustomed to ruffianly exhibitions, yet the disgraceful riot at one of the professional baseball games the other day, following as it did upon several close decisions of the umpire against the home nine, must be accepted rather as an outcome of the American "kicking" habit than as another disclosure of rowdyism by the hoodlums of that ill-mannered metropolis. It was the players themselves—the New York team, and not the spectators—who should be held responsible; and it is upon the heads of the officials of the New York Baseball Club that the full strength of wrathful and indignant protest should burst. Apparently, there has been a fixed and deliberate policy to terrorize every umpire appearing on the home grounds, in the hope, no doubt, of so intimidating him that close decisions might be given to New York.

Scarcely a series has been played without long-winded conflicts between the umpires and the local players, sometimes even necessitating the appearance of the police to bring the wordy war to a conclusion, and always interrupting the game for considerable time. But not since the days when professional baseball, after an honorable career, went through a period of degeneracy—during which a certain grade of the bleachers' occupants greeted with fusillades of pop-bottles and other loose articles handy decisions not to their liking—has there been such an explosion among the spectators as that to which I have referred; and I have mentioned it here because, barring the hoodlumism, the incident is typically American.

The American Kicker

To beat the rules, to "kick" at adverse decisions, to disregard the minor regulations of a game, is so characteristic of us and so widely in evidence as to have become a byword with sportsmen outside of this country. And yet the American sportsman is the fairest fighter and the gamest loser in all the world; the best sportsman on earth when he is a sportsman—and he is increasing in numbers with encouraging rapidity, despite his comparatively recent full understanding of that word's significance in play. His "kicking" and his endeavors to be too smart for the rule-makers is, by no means, an evidence of dishonest intent, but an expression of his frenzy to win—to him it represents one means of "getting there." Browbeating the umpire, like certain forms of organized cheering which we hear at college games, is, so to say, all in the day's work of the team, and regarded at our educational institutions, I am sorry to add, as a legitimate adjunct to athletic contest with a rival. We both see and hear this kind of bulldozing in almost every competitive college sport, but in baseball we get a double dose; for, while the members of the nine bully the umpire with unceasing industry, the undergraduates on the bleachers do their very utmost to disconcert the opposing pitchers by their well-timed (and often pertinent) songs and organized cheering.

Bleachers and Clean Sport

Now, I believe that the average man on the bleachers, whether at a college game or at a professional game, is for clean sport. Over and over again the spectators at professional baseball games have given impressive lessons to ruffianly players of their disapprobation of unclean ball. Even New York can point to such a display of no more ancient date than the first series of this year with Philadelphia, when the entire body of onlookers hissed and jeered a New York player who tried to spike one of the opposing team. And again, and in the next game, the umpire was roundly applauded by grandstand and bleachers for resolutely abiding by his decision in the face of a protest by the punished player—so strenuous a protest as, at moments, to be a positive menace.

I also believe that the average player wishes to win by fair means; yet, on both the amateur and professional fields, questionable (I do not, of course, include foul)

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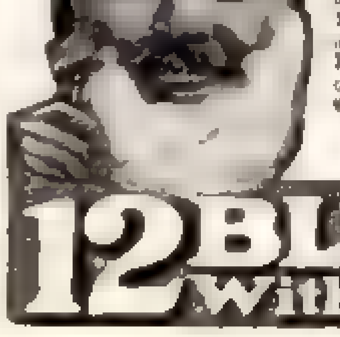

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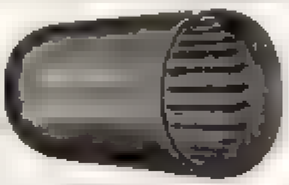

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means are employed in good faith as legitimate means in the effort to defeat an adversary. In both cases the impelling motive, the "get-there" feeling, is the same—and I am bound to say that, on the average, the best professional teams are less offensive in their manifestations of this American do-or-die spirit than are the amateurs. We expect more from the college nines; some persons say we have the right to expect more from them—but, as a rule, we get less, and we are more patient, wrongfully so, with them than we are with the professionals. Such barefaced efforts to rattle the opposing pitcher as we see on the college diamond would not be tolerated at a professional game—by the players or, very probably, by the spectators—and they should not be permitted on the college field. Yet the actual fact is that, without such effort, the college body is held recreant to its duty by the college papers, and by a class of alumni that does infinite harm in placing victory above all other athletic considerations. By such ill-advised interpretation of that "get-there" spirit the baseball captain who has not vigorously protested, throughout the afternoon of play, every decision by the umpire unfavorable to his team is made to feel that he is not on the job. I have heard undergraduate captains told as much in the bitter frankness of defeat by hotheaded "old grads" who see no use of the game other than as a mere means of securing an athletic scalp from a rival institution.

The Get-There Spirit

There is nothing the matter with the "get-there" spirit *per se*—it is the spirit of the land which has made us what we are—a spirit which, let us hope, will never be quenched; but it needs direction, it requires control, in baseball as in business. If the young gentlemen of our colleges are remiss in common fairness to an adversary, the faculty, which stands as sponsor for those young gentlemen, should see that their conduct be corrected, or itself take the consequences; for, in the final analysis, that faculty, so failing to demand good conduct of its athletic representatives, is as answerable to the public as are the officers of the New York Baseball Club answerable for the umpire-baiting habit to which the players on its pay-roll have become addicted.

May I not urge on the young men of the schools and colleges to keep ever in mind the mystic initials which their great-great-granddaddies—a fine type of sportsmen they were—incorporated in every sporting venture set to paper, viz., "P. P."—which mean "Play or Pay"? Play or pay—that means, young gentlemen, play the game, take your medicine; play like a gentleman, which means like a sportsman, for the word sportsman, you know, does not refer to the quality of play, but to the quality of conduct in play; win like a thoroughbred and lose like a man. Trying to rattle the opposing pitcher is not playing the game—it is not playing like a gentleman; and trying to bulldoze the umpire out of making a decision unfavorable to your side is not losing like a man; and, above all things, it's best to be a MAN.

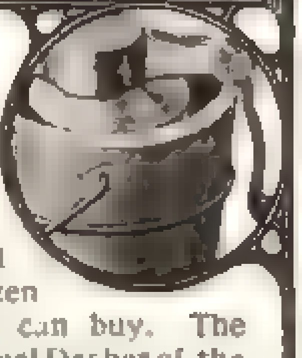
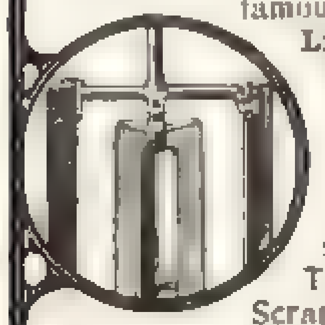
The Bane of Baseball

The kicking evil is positively the bane of baseball, and it is a pity to see our national game (for so it continues—despite football's popularity, statistics to the contrary notwithstanding—the first and last athletic love of young America) brought so low in general esteem. And, perhaps, the most maddening feature of the evil is its futility. It is only in case of a violation of rules that an umpire's decision may be changed—a decision on balls or strikes, an "out" in the field or on base, does not come under this head, a protest never being heeded. The captains and the players, of course, know the rules—they know that when a kick is made on a base decision it is no question of violation of rule—and that the only result of the protest will be to kill time. That is why the game suffers so in public opinion—because these "kicks" are nothing more than deliberate and vicious efforts to get goods under false pretenses. They merely delay play and disgust the spectators, who seem to be remaining away from games in increasing numbers. Some day the officers of the professional leagues will wake up and make a new rule penalizing this type of kicker—and when they do baseball prosperity will come again.

Road of a Thousand Wonders

Southern Pacific through California and Oregon

In America, the largest grapevine (8 feet in circumference), the greatest pines, the most extensive fir forests, the largest fruit orchards, the greatest seed farms, the largest beet sugar factories, the best equipped hot springs, where many have found joy and health, are along the line between Los Angeles, California, and Portland, Oregon. Here also are to be found the great summer playgrounds of America; such long white beaches, where cool sea breezes blow, as Santa Barbara, El Pismo, Monterey Bay and Yaquina Bay, such delectable mountain resorts ranging from 2,000 to 8,000 feet above sea level as are in the Coast Range, the Sierra Nevada and the Cascades, the loveliest, highest and best forested mountains in America. Here, either in great resort hotels or in the simple life of camping out, with rainless summers, cool nights and exhilarating days, life is most enjoyable. Do you know about the low excursion rates from the East to California this summer? For a story in pictures—over one hundred in four colors—and a copy of Sunset, Magazine of the Wideawake West, send 15 cents to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Co., Dept. Q, Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Lightning Freezer

The object in building the Lightning Freezer is not simply to supply you with a purer ice cream than factory-made, but a richer, smoother and more economically frozen dessert than any you can buy. The famous Wheel Dasher of the Lightning, for instance, works but part of the cream at a time, thereby increasing the bulk, improving the quality and assuring lightness

The Automatic Twin Scrapers scrape the side of the can free of all frozen particles and prevent snowy or lumpy cream.

Couple with these features a durable pail held together by electric-welded wire hoops that can't fall off, and a drawn steel bottom that won't leak or fall out. In combination these points of superior construction assure a freezer that will last for years, and give excellent service all the while.

Write for a copy of "Frozen Sweets," by Mrs. S. T. Rorer. It gives the newer recipes for ice creams and other frozen desserts; also tells how to make two kinds of ice cream in one freezer at the same time

Insist on having the Lightning; every dealer can supply it.

North Brothers Mfg. Co.
Philadelphia

Thin Model Watches

direct from manufacturers at great saving.

New style, thin model gentlemen's watch. Plain polished or engine turned 20 year gold filled case. Nickel movement, 7 jewels. Perfect time keeper. Sent on receipt of $6.85

Same watch retails for $10 and $12. $6.85 is the wholesale price. Best low-priced, thin model watch sold. Pendant wind and set; lever escapement; all parts interchangeable. A light weight watch, well designed for summer use.

Kept in order, free, for five years

A handsome, inexpensive time piece for business and professional men. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for illustrated booklet describing other styles up to $35.

HUNT & McCREE Manufacturer's Brokers 152 Nassau St., New York

Commonwealth Casualty Co.
PHILADELPHIA.
Issues unequalled policies protecting against loss of income due to any accident or disease, at small monthly premiums. Write for circulars. Agents Wanted.

The other day I heard a heated dispute on a golf-links among several fellows who were divided as to the "sportsmanship" of a certain member who, in match play that afternoon, had exacted penalty of his opponent for "soling" his club. The fact that the penalty was regular and usual and plainly printed among the rules of golf appeared to have no weight at all as compared with the fact that the match was between members of the same club, and, though a regularly recognized event, was viewed by the disputants as a kind of private affair. It was all very amusing and quite without reason, but none the less the question at issue is one I have heard raised very often.

Tissue-Paper Sports

There is a class of men who belong to country clubs and play games—an old sportsman pal, I remember, used to call them "tissue-paper sports"—who appear to think their matches—arranged among themselves, yet under the general rules—are entitled to especially elastic rule dispensation. And, curiously enough, their influence often appears to reach beyond their little postprandial matches out to the regular green.

I recall a quite decided feeling among golf-club men against Travis, the veteran golfer, in his first years of success, because of his very proper insistence upon the playing rules being obeyed to the letter. There is much of this silly feeling still in evidence on every club course among the rank and file of duffers whenever an outsider happens along and becomes entangled in one of these "tissue-paper sport" matches.

Our Common Failing

Perhaps we see more of it on the golf course than elsewhere, because this excellent game supplies a form of mild constitutional for so many estimable men who have no sporting traditions and are not concerning themselves about any. But, all the same, the disregard of minor regulations is rather a common failing of the American—to be attributed, I think, to his speed at acquiring a passable knowledge, which operates adversely on thoroughness.

We saw it in lawn tennis in the matter of foot-faults, which had become so common that linesmen ceased to call them until the Englishmen very rightly took us to task for our inexcusable shortcomings. This game, too, suffers sorely from linesmen who apparently view rules as things to be resorted to only as convenience prompts. The result of many a match has been influenced by a slow-witted linesman—and nowhere has such work been more in evidence than at Newport during play for the National Championships—and nowhere is it less excusable.

The amusing feature of this deficiency in our sport is the high indignation of the player upon whom the neglected rule is enforced, whether it be golf or tennis—and, I think, we all are familiar with the man or woman who flouts out of the show-ring with the horse or dog because the judges have not thought as highly of it as does the owner.

Well, we are young yet—that's our consolation—and our hope. But let us learn quickly that rules are made to be enforced and obeyed to the letter, and that beating the rules is not calculated to improve either our skill or our credit.

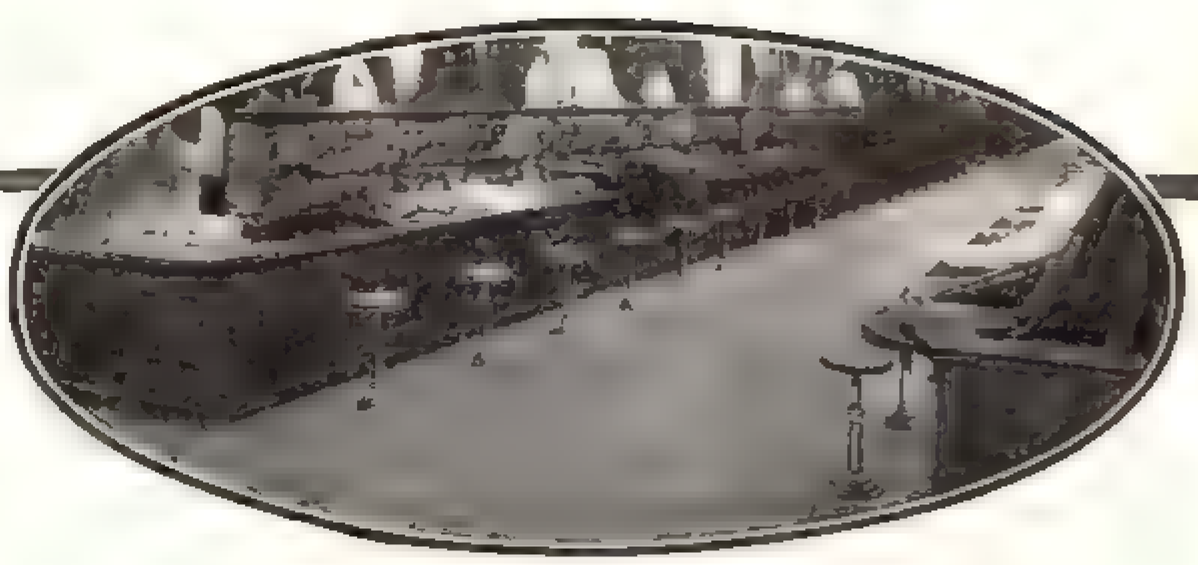
"P. P."—Play or pay. —"FAIR-PLAY."

Glasses for Weak Eyes

BLUE, or else smoky, glasses have long been considered the best possible things for weak eyes. Recent investigations, however, have altered the views of oculists on this subject, an amber-colored glass being found preferable in many instances.

It seems that the rays of light that are trying to the eyes are at and about the upper end of the spectrum—that is to say, in the region of the violet and ultra-violet. These rays penetrate blue or smoky glass to a greater or less extent, but are entirely stopped by amber glass.

The discovery in question seems to have been first made by mountain climbers in the Swiss Alps, who, for a protection against the glare of the snow, are obliged to wear some sort of colored spectacles. It became the fashion not long ago, on such excursions in that part of the world, to use amber.



Dustless Floors

In stores, schoolrooms, corridors and public buildings, dustless floors are essential to health. Untreated floors in places where merchandise is exposed for sale are not only a source of annoyance but also mean financial loss to the dealer. To prevent dust rising from wooden floors there is nothing so effective and satisfactory as

STANDARD Floor Dressing

Wherever it is used it renders inert the dust that would otherwise be set in constant agitation by air currents, shuffling feet and other causes. Reduces the amount of circulating dust *almost 100 per cent.* Standard Floor Dressing also preserves the flooring and lessens labor necessary to keep floors clean. Three or four applications yearly with patented **Standard Oiler** give best results.

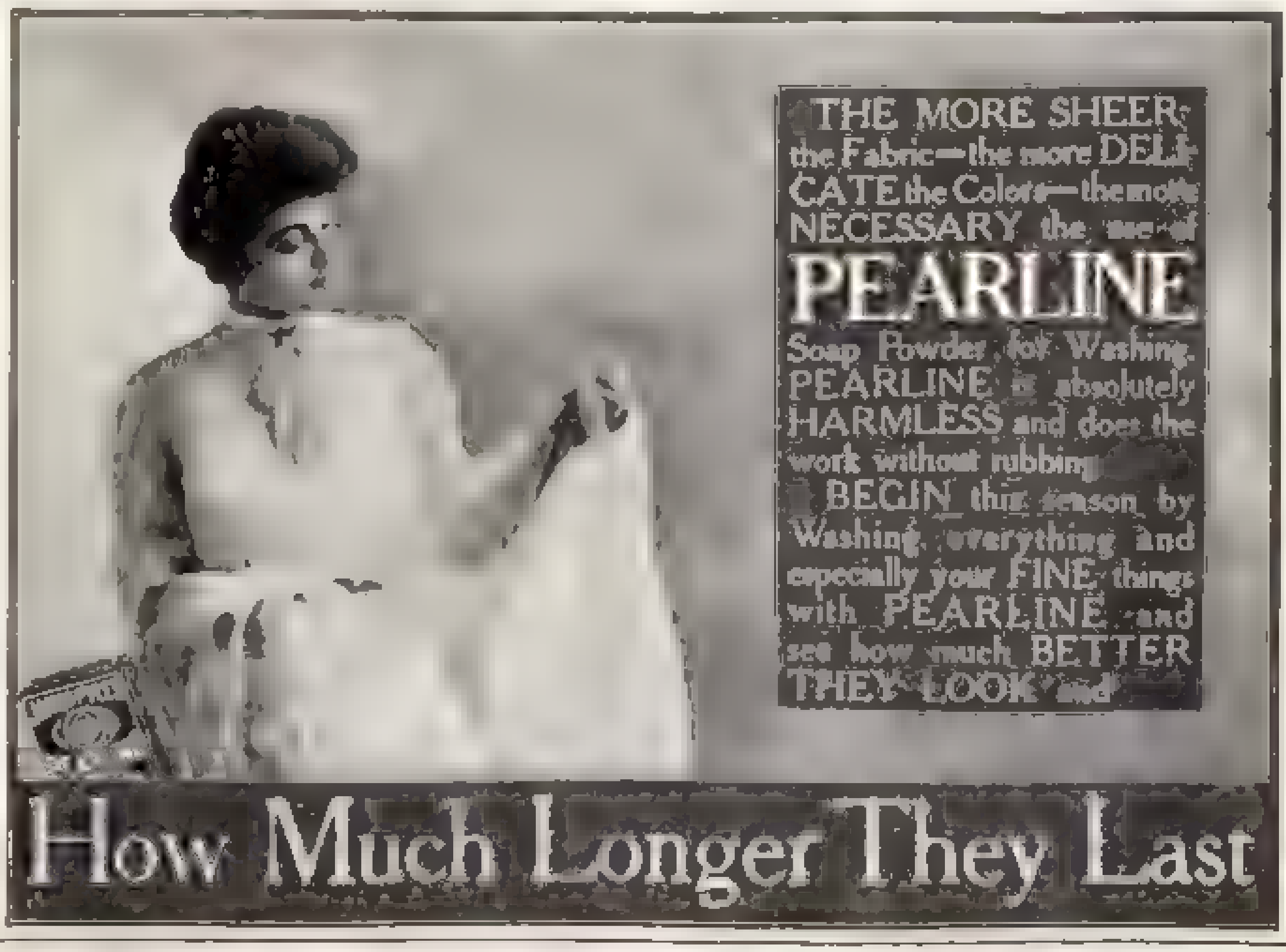
AT OUR OWN EXPENSE we will, upon request, apply Standard Floor Dressing to the floor of one school room or corridor, or to part of one store floor.

Sold everywhere in cans and barrels of varying capacity.

Not for household use.

Write for full particulars, testimonials, and reports from medical authorities on "Dust and Its Dangers."

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)
STANDARD FLOOR DRESSING


THE MORE SHEER the Fabric—the more DELICATE the Colors—the more NECESSARY the use of
PEARLINE
Soap Powder for Washing. PEARLINE is absolutely HARMLESS and does the work without rubbing.
BEGIN this season by Washing everything and especially your FINE things with PEARLINE and see how much BETTER THEY LOOK and
How Much Longer They Last

BEST & Co
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Children's Ankle and Arch Support Shoe

Weak ankles are common to childhood, and this shoe is specially devised to support and strengthen the ankle muscles. It is fitted with strong, flexible whalebone blades, which hold the ankle in a firm but yielding clasp, effectually preventing it from turning. The shoe is constructed to support the arch of the foot, in many cases the real point of weakness. This shoe also prevents flat-foot, one of the most serious forms of foot trouble.

OUR SUMMER CATALOGUE furnishes interesting information about children's footwear, illustrates and describes a great variety of stylish and serviceable shoes and gives full directions for ordering shoes by mail. Copy sent to any address upon receipt of four cents (stamps) to cover postage.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION.

Infants' Glazed Dongola, hand turned soles, sizes 2 to 7 .... $1.60
Children's Tan Russia and Glazed Dongola, spring heels and walking soles; sizes 5 to 8 .. $2.25

Address Dept. 13 60-62 West 23d St. . . . NEW YORK
We Have No Branch Stores — No Agents

6% on Your Savings

THE opportunity to secure 6% interest on surplus funds — or to have your savings earn such a return while you are accumulating capital — is surely sufficiently attractive to urge a close investigation of the investment and its security.

For nearly twenty years this Company has been paying 6% to thousands of conservative investors the country over — at the same time earning and accumulating Assets of $9,446,095, including Capital and Surplus of $1,519,518.

You owe it to your own financial interests to secure full information concerning A-R-E Six Per Cent Gold Bonds and the security on which they are based — the ownership of selected New York real estate. These Bonds are issued in two forms:

6% Coupon Bonds — For Income Earning
6% Accumulative Bonds — For Income Saving

Write for literature today — then consider if this is not the best investment you could make.

American Real Estate Co.
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BANK BLDG.
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OWN A FACTORY An I make $10 on a [illegible] **$33.25** [illegible] intend to build it will pay you to buy a Petty[illegible] your own blocks. Beautiful booklet on this [illegible] FREE.
The Pettyjohn Co., 666 N. Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

We are offering a first mortgage bond that we can strongly recommend as a safe investment to yield about

7%

Over half of the issue has already been placed with banks, trust companies and conservative investors. Circular upon application.

Lawrence Barnum & Co.,
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4% INTEREST 4%
IS PAID ON
SAVINGS ACCOUNTS
of any amount from
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SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
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The oldest and largest Trust Company in Ohio, with total resources [illegible] over
$42,000,000. SEND FOR BOOKLET "[illegible]"

Financing An Enterprise

A practical book by Francis Cooper, telling how money is secured for enterprises. Capitalization, prospectus writing, methods of [illegible]. The only successful work on promotion [illegible] by best business men. 540 pages. Buckram binding, prepaid $4. Send for pamphlet and list of business books.
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SALT LAKE SECURITY & TRUST CO.
SALT LAKE CITY

Yellowstone Park
And the Big Game Country

A new route has been opened to the Yellowstone via The North-Western Line to Lander, Wyo., [illegible] Wind River Reservation [illegible] Country and [illegible] the Yellowstone National Park [illegible]

Personally [illegible] parties from Lander [illegible] fitted and accompanied by the best guides [illegible] are being formed to make this trip through the big game country, where thousands of elk and antelope, and abundance of bear, mountain sheep and other game is to be found. The best fishing in the world. Send at once for itineraries and full particulars.

W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., Chicago, Illinois

Your Savings

Pitfalls for Investors

THE desire of American people to invest their savings or surplus funds is greater than ever before in the history of the country. This is due, first of all, to the fact that wages have been good, and that there has been an uninterrupted season of wonderful prosperity. Money is widely scattered. Savings-banks' deposits have been the largest on record. Yet the withdrawals of money from these institutions during the past twelve months have been the heaviest that the banks have known. The question, therefore, is: Where does this money go?

The answer is not difficult to find. The stream of money flowing from the reservoirs of the people's savings in every part of the United States has been going into investments, or so-called investments. Not all of it has been going into the channels and into the places where it is rigidly safeguarded, and where, with ample protection, it will yield a safe and satisfactory income, and can be converted into the original cash should an emergency for its use arise.

Despite the campaign of educating the investor which is now going on; despite the efforts made by the highest type of investment houses to maintain the integrity of the business; despite the many daily examples of the people who have been lured into fake schemes and who have lost, the path of the average investor continues to be a perilous one. It is beset with many pitfalls.

You have only to pick up your home newspaper, or the newspapers of any of the big cities, to see the alluring baits dangled before the people to step forward, bite, and become separated from their hard-earned money. Most people do this under the common delusion that they are going to get rich quickly, or get something for nothing. The get-rich-quick fever has cost thousands of people the savings of years. At no time, however, have there been so many wildcat speculative schemes falsely labeled "investment" as to-day.

The pitfalls for investors may be said to belong to one of the following classes:

1. The mining schemes which are often floated by unscrupulous promoters who offer shares of stock at prices ranging from two cents to ten dollars, with promises of twenty to thirty per cent. dividends.

2. The industrial companies that claim to have inventions or land grants which will revolutionize industry and make you rich.

3. Real-estate enterprises which include boom towns and get-rich-quick subdivisions near cities.

It is with these various forms of speculative propositions, which lure the unwary investor to his undoing, that this department will concern itself in a series of articles which will endeavor to furnish an explanation of why most of the glittering claims can never be realized.

The Methods Employed

But before going further, it may be well to deal with some of the evils common to all three forms of speculative enterprises and which are found in every community.

One of the most pernicious and far-reaching of these is offered in the method sometimes employed by unscrupulous promoters to sell their stock. Here is an example that tells the whole story:

Not long ago an old man came to the editor of a leading Wall-Street paper and asked his advice. He said: "I have lost all my savings. I was advised to buy mining stocks for thirty-three-and-a-third cents a share and was told that each share would be worth at least five dollars in a few years. I had three hundred dollars in a savings-bank. I took it out and bought nine hundred shares. The company has gone out of business. Can anything be done?"

"Nothing," was the reply.

The editor asked the man who had advised him to buy the stock, and he said.

"My doctor."

This is a feature of the speculative madness widespread to-day. Promoters enlist the aid of prominent men in many communities and, through them, work off their stock. The plan of action is something like this:

A mining company, for example, with an option on a tract of land located within ten,

The Safest Way to Carry Funds When Abroad—

American Express Co.

AMERICA
EUROPE
ASIA
AFRICA
TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Are the Most Modern Form of Carrying Funds

Originated by the American Express Company in 1891.

Full information may be had at any of the Company's Agencies, or by addressing its

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A Non-Fluctuating Investment

IN fifteen years this Company has sold $260,000,000 of Guaranteed Mortgages. No investor has lost one dollar of either principal or interest.

We now offer this First Mortgage Security on New York City Real Estate in the form of

4½ Per Cent
Guaranteed Mortgage Certificates
in amounts of $500 and $1,000

Principal and interest absolutely guaranteed by
BOND AND MORTGAGE GUARANTEE CO.
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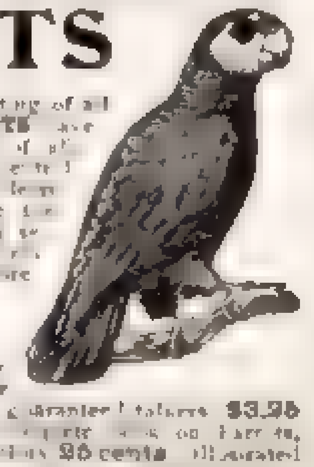
TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST CO
[illegible]
[illegible] New York City [illegible]



PARROTS

The most jolly, sociable and interesting of all home pets and our **PAGE PARROTS** are [illegible] they are from a [illegible] district of Central Mexico, and are taught [illegible] by almost [illegible] human [illegible] personally selected and fully guaranteed [illegible] before September 1st [illegible] for

ONLY $9.50 EACH

Including shipping case and food for journey. [illegible] large cage $[illegible] young parrots [illegible] guaranteed talkers **$3.95 each.** [illegible] cage $1.40. Page's [illegible] on Parrots, showing [illegible] **25 cents.** Illustrated [illegible] Parrot [illegible] canaries [illegible] etc., **FREE.** [illegible]

IOWA BIRD COMPANY, Des Moines, Ia.

Earning Money

Any one can do it and no experience is necessary. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have made it sure. If you think you're going to amount to something write to

The Curtis Publishing Company
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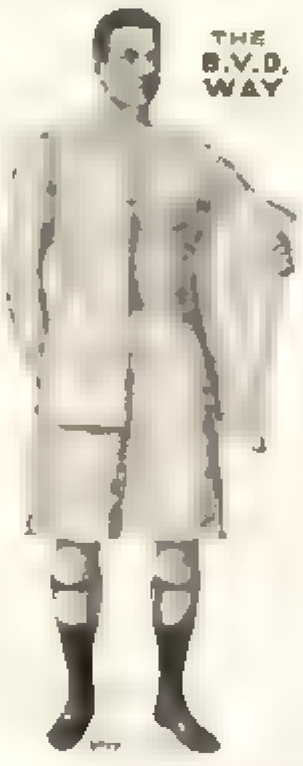
and get your start now.



Feeling Warm?
No doubt of it if you are wearing tight-fitting underwear.

LOOSE FITTING

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Trade Mark. Registered U. S. Patent Office

Coat Cut Undershirts
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are cool and comfortable because they allow perfect freedom of motion and permit refreshing air to reach the pores

50c., $1.00 and $1.50 a garment.

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Insist upon seeing on every garment you purchase the B. V. D. red woven label which consists of three white letters B. V. D. on a red woven background. It insures you a correctly cut, perfect fitting, well-made undergarment. **Do not be deceived. Accept no "just as good." Look for the B. V. D. red woven label. It's your guarantee of value.**

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ELGIN
In Particular
"The Watch That's Made for The Majority."

It is second nature when thinking of watches to think of ELGIN.

The name ELGIN stands for various grades of watches—varying according to the number of jewels, character of materials and workmanship entering into the construction.

The ELGIN in particular that we mention is the G. M. WHEELER Grade Movement. This designates an ELGIN of popular price—*"The Watch That's Made for the Majority."* A 17-jewel, finely adjusted movement which can be had in the various sizes for men's and boys' use, and in the models now so popular. Ask your jeweler to show it to you.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.,
Elgin, Ill.

fifteen or thirty miles of a producing mine decides to float its stock. It cannot sell the stock to business men who have advisers in such matters or who can investigate for themselves. It must seek its victims among the people who lack such opportunities. So it gets in touch with a doctor who has a large practice among these people. This doctor may need money or he may be vain. The promoters play on one or both of his weaknesses. The doctor is told that his influence is desired in the company, that his name will be worth much to them. He is given a thousand shares of the stock. Incidentally, he is asked to speak well of the project. He is usually willing to furnish a list of names of his patients and his friends, and these people, when approached by the swindling company, buy stock because the doctor has the stock (they don't know he has received his for nothing), and in turn they tell their friends about it. To make their purchases they take their earnings out of the savings-banks. When the company collapses and the victims come to the doctor, or whoever has advised them to buy the stock, they are met with the sympathetic statement: "I had a thousand shares of that same thing; therefore, I lost more than you did."

This method often goes in for bigger game than the doctors.

The names of prominent public men are used, with their consent, to further the speculative schemes. A certain governor of a State, for instance, headed the list of officers of a boom company. Hundreds of people bought its stock because he was connected with it.

Soldiers, educators and politicians, too, have become directors of companies in a similar way.

These public men might do well to follow the example set by General Robert E. Lee, who was asked to become president of a large business concern just after the close of the Civil War. He was almost impoverished and the offer meant a great deal of money to him. But he instantly refused it, saying: "I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life."

Another method employed to rope in the unsuspecting investor is manipulated by clever women. It is an interesting fact that more and more women are becoming implicated in engineering schemes to swindle the investor. They invade the "investment" field with organized schemes of tips from the inside. Their plan is to invite the investor to participate in a pool of stock. The promoter claims to have inside information about the movement of a particular stock. She inserts an advertisement in the newspapers, stating this fact, but not mentioning the name of the stock. The victim is asked to send twenty-five dollars or any amount that he may desire to send and is promised a dividend of from twenty-five to fifty per cent.

When the innocent investor inquires the fate of his money he is told the good thing went wrong and that there is no return.

Take Nothing for Granted

The methods just described apply to most of the forms of gambling held out to the investor as "investment." There could be no greater injustice to the word investment or the high and helpful thing for which it stands. Investment means putting your money out to work for you so that it will yield the largest and safest possible return. You do not invest with the expectation that your principal will greatly increase in value. The moment you become involved in one of these catchpenny schemes, whether it be mining, industrial or real estate, you begin to speculate. You expect to get rich—you want your principal to increase quickly in value. This is simply gambling, with all the chances against you.

When you are offered more than seven or eight per cent. dividend on stock, save in the cases of well-established railroads, you had better begin to investigate, for it is suspicious. It is no uncommon thing to see lurid advertisements in the newspapers promising twenty or even thirty per cent. return. If this return for money invested could legitimately be obtained, everybody would suddenly become prosperous.

Every investor ought to know how to resist these temptations. The most important thing to remember is: Take nothing for granted.

No matter what your friends, or even your relatives, tell you about an investment,

Has a
Woman any Interest
in Life Insurance?

Let the woman say. For her needs it was devised, for her protection it is carried. It extends the marriage promise to protect and cherish beyond the lifetime of him who promised. Thousands of women live happier and sleep better because those on whom they depend have been thoughtful enough and good enough to insure in

The Mutual
Life Insurance
Company

The woman who is the beneficiary of such a policy should take pride and comfort in it, watching that nothing deprives her of it. The woman who has no such protection should endeavor at the first possible moment to place between herself and the hour of need and darkness the obligation of the largest and staunchest life insurance company in the world.

The Time to Act is NOW.

For the new forms of policies consult our nearest agent, or write direct to
The Mutual Life Insurance Company
of New York,
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DON'T
PAY
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Own a Home!

No matter where you live in the United States, we will build or buy you a home, and you can pay for it in monthly payments which will average about the same as you now pay for rent.

Our plan is original and thoroughly established and will appeal to every rent payer.

Since it has been in operation it has proved a splendid success.

The plan is fully explained in our free booklet, which every rent payer should send for.

SECURITY BUILDING CO., The Originators
1006 Insurance Building, Rochester, N. Y.

White
Mountain
Ice Cream Freezer

Not the troublesome kind that tires you out before the freezing's done.

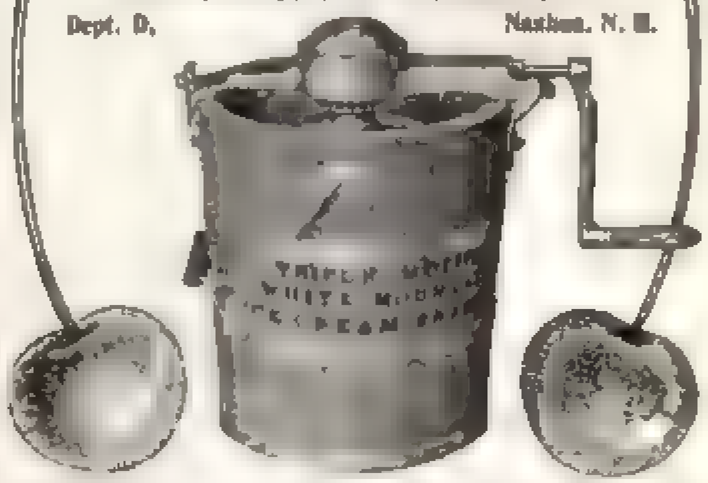
A simple device with the wonderful triple motion principle that cuts the freezing time down to half what other freezers take. Makes the finest ice cream you ever tasted.

A FREE BOOK
"Frozen Dainties"

Describes many delicious concoctions that are healthful and refreshing — delicious ice cream, cooling sherbets, sparkling water ices. Remember, it's FREE.

Write To-day

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.
Dept. D, Nashua, N. H.



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SUSPENDERS

ARE WORN UNDER THE SHIRT

and give perfect trousers support at the same time maintaining that desirable negligee appearance.

You See No Suspenders; You Feel No Suspenders

Snug and easy fitting, entire freedom of motion insured because they adjust instantly and naturally; no binding under the arms or across the shoulders, no straining at the buttons but solid comfort everywhere. Cool, comfortable, practical.

50 cents of your dealer, or of us by mail postpaid.

Eagle Suspender Co., 1210-12-14-16 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SEE US AT JAMESTOWN

For White Teeth Use CALDER'S
SAPONACEOUS

The High Quality of Fifty Years Ago. Sold at all Shops.

In Glass or the New Aluminum Cans, 25c. Travelers' Size by mail 10c.

DENTINE

For Bright Nails — Calder's Nail Polish Tablet. At all the Shops — A Sample by mail 10c

Albert L. Calder Co.
Providence

even if they claim, with all earnestness, that "there are millions in it," it is up to you to make an investigation of it yourself. Intelligent investigation is the first step toward safe and conservative investment. It is *your* money that is going into the proposition.

You and your family must bear the consequences. You should satisfy yourself, in planning every investment, that the company is stable and that the people behind it are honest. This is one good reason why it is always best to do business with a high-class investment house which has special facilities for investigating the investments they offer.

Something for Nothing

It is very difficult for people to resist the temptation to get something for nothing. You can safely set it down that the promoters of speculative propositions who make these offers are not philanthropists, and when they give something to you they expect (and usually get) more in return from you.

Unfortunately, many people put their money into these schemes and then ask for advice about them. Look before you leap. The records of the great bond houses are filled with stories of people who bought stocks without knowing anything about them. Clever promoters know how to play on this weakness, and they hang in front of the prospective buyer the firm injunction:

"This is your last chance! Buy to-day, before it is too late!"

It is a good thing to remember always that to invest in haste certainly means to repent at leisure.

At the Teller's Window

ONE day in the early Nineties a quaint-looking old lady came into the great hall of the Bowery Savings-Bank. She looked as if she had stepped out of an old picture. She had corkscrew curls; a face shawl hung about her shoulders, her hands were incased in old-time mitts. On her head was a poke bonnet of the Fifties. With some embarrassment she approached one of the clerks and inquired for the clerk who had charge of the old accounts. On being taken to the dormant-account clerk, she explained her mission with some difficulty. She said:

"I saw an advertisement in the newspapers saying that you were looking for information concerning William ——. I can tell you the name of one of his relatives."

"What is your interest in the depositor?" asked the clerk.

The old lady blushed and the tears came to her eyes.

After she had wiped them with the corner of her shawl, she said:

"Years ago he was my sweetheart and we became engaged. But he died before we were married." She paused a moment, then added: "And I am still single."

She took some of the glamour out of the romance when she asked if she could get the money.

The prosaic law, however, did not recognize sentimental attachments, and the relatives got the deposit.

Another case is that of Ellen.

For many years a ruddy-cheeked Irish woman was a regular depositor at the bank. She joked and laughed with the clerks, and she was very popular. She was an apple-woman, and carried a basket of fruit through various office buildings.

Then, one day, she stopped coming to the bank.

Six or seven years passed and then the dormant-account clerk got busy.

He had little difficulty in finding her in a tumble-down tenement house on the East Side.

"Why haven't you been to the bank?" asked the clerk.

"Shure, I didn't think it would run away," she replied.

"But what have you been doing with your money?" asked the clerk.

"Putting it elsewhere," replied Ellen, with perfect serenity.

Then she dug out of dark corners four bank-books for deposits aggregating thirty-five thousand dollars.

"Where did you get all this?" asked the clerk in astonishment.

"Fifty years of apples," was the immediate reply.

Just After the Painting is Done is too soon to decide whether the job is satisfactory or not. Wait a year before you give the paint and the painter a testimonial. Pure Lead and Oil Paint is easily imitated in appearance, both in the pail and when first spread. It is after the sun and rain have had their chance at it that the shoddy in the substitutes for lead are exposed.

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HAMILTON BROWN WORLD SHOE CO.

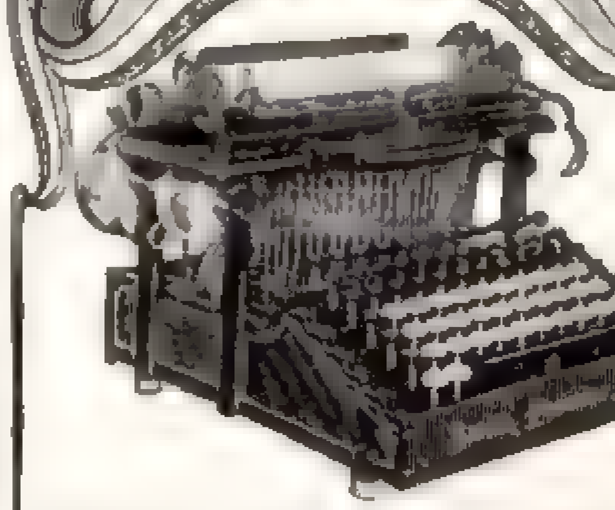
This American Gentleman Shoe combines all of the desirable qualities of comfort, style, durability and good appearance to be found in every American Gentleman Shoe.

It is No. 1179 Gun metal Blucher, welt sole, made on the stylish Belmont last.

The American Gentleman Shoe retails for **$3.50, $4.00** and **$5.00** and is handled by over 20,000 dealers in all parts of the world.

Send for "Shoelight," a complete guide to shoe styles. Beautifully illustrated.

HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO., St. Louis, Mo.



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The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

none of the good features of the regular models have been dropped or slighted. You get the well-known Smith Premier service, increased three-fold.

The price is the same as that of all Smith Premier Models.
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insure perfect order in the most limited space. Will not rust or stain the garments.

They can be put up by anyone, without tools or screws, and will not break.

Packed conveniently one dozen in a box. For sale by all good hardware and house-furnishing dealers at 15c per box.

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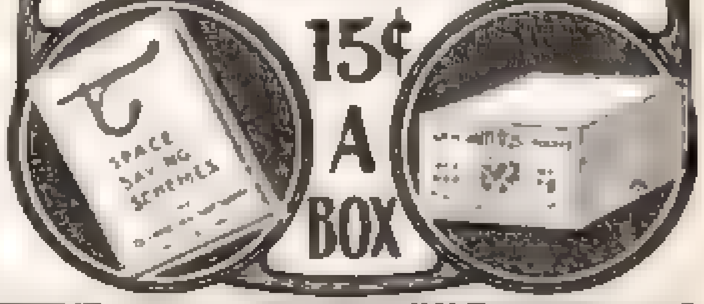

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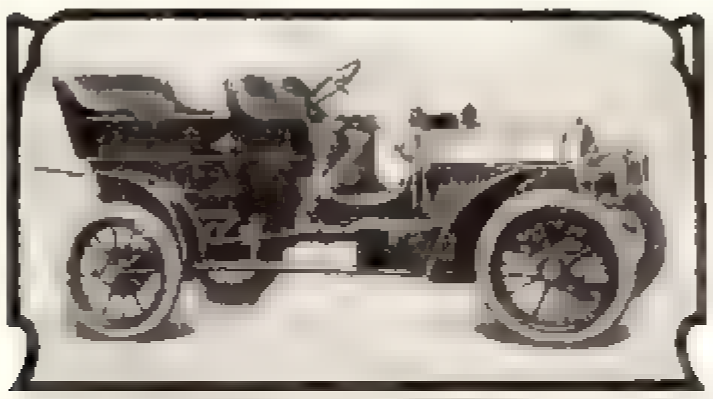

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$2,000

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Shaft drive; selective type sliding-gear transmission of new design; high speed with no gears in mesh.

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Human Life

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EDITED BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

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LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

John Corbin

The Bold, Bad Hero

MR. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM does not believe in letting the public have time to forget him. Novelists are more worried about this habit of the public than any society climber. They greet every season with a fresh creation to remind us that the time has come to buy. Mr. Oppenheim's stories are good stories—that is, they are real stories—and all stories that are stories must be good. The Malefactor, this season's novelty, is about a man who has been wronged; in fact, has been shut up in prison for a dozen years because he chivalrously held his tongue to defend a woman's "honor." When he gets out he is middle-aged, very rich, and deep, dark, desperate. He sets out to do society that has done him out of the best years of his life. Incidentally he does up certain brokers in New York—clever dog! Of course he is not so heartless as he would like to seem, and in the end is a hero of magnanimity. One wonders what would have happened if he had carried out his program of doing all the harm he could. Would he have grown sick of it? Evidently Mr. Oppenheim hadn't the nerve to try such a tale.

Peary and the Eskimo Chief

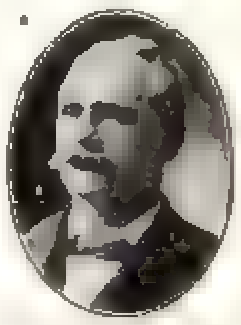
COMMANDER PEARY has made it a rule to only take Eskimos on his Polar expeditions. He claims that they are not only inured to Arctic hardships, but are able to secure game for food when white men would fail. By reason of his numerous expeditions to the North, he is known to many of the Eskimo tribes.

On one of his trips he depopulated a whole village, because the Eskimo women always insist upon accompanying their husbands. One particular tribe has always been represented on the Peary expeditions. In gratitude for their service the explorer once brought the chief an old frock coat and silk hat. Great was the pride and joy of the Eskimo. It came near causing civil war in the tribe, and was donned on all occasions when furs and weather permitted. When the old man came to die he requested that the coat and hat be placed on his grave.

When Peary returned from his latest expedition he stopped by the village, and beheld his old frock coat and hat flapping in the breeze over the chieftain's last resting-place.

The Patience and Pluck of Hearn

FEW people ever heard as much about Lafcadio Hearn while he was living as since his death. Beginning with his name, which was given him from the Greek island where he was born, everything about Hearn was unusual. Half Greek in blood, half Gipsy-English-Irish, he lived a good part of his life in the United States, married



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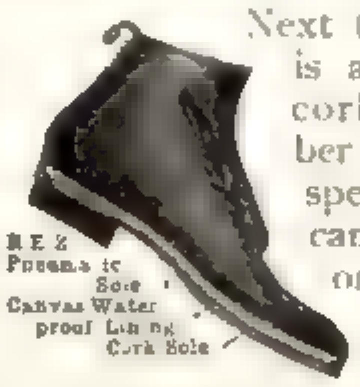

"Are They Easy on the Feet?
Do They Fit and Wear Well?"

COMMONPLACE questions to ask about shoes—But there is vital importance in the *answer*, and in the *proof* that the answer is correct. In appearance the **R E-Z Pneumatic Sole Shoe** is as shapely and stylish as any shoe on the market.

But it is *more* than that.

The uppers are made of the best tanned leather—the eyelets and hooks are all fast color—the outer soles are cut from selected grades of old-fashioned English oak bark tanned leather.

But of equal or greater importance are *comfort* and *protection*. And they are positively guaranteed to you by the **R E-Z Pneumatic Sole.**

Next to the outer sole is a thin sheet of cork, laid in rubber cement—then a special water-proof canvas interlining—on top of that the famous R E-Z Pneumatic Sole, made of a specially antiseptic-felted combination of wool and cotton.

This "pneumatic" sole gives elasticity to the tread—it rests tired and aching feet accustomed to the hard, inflexible leather soles of ordinary shoes—

It always presents a smooth, even surface to the bottom of the foot, for it never "bunches or rolls up" like some so-called "cushion-soled shoes." It prevents colds and rheumatism, for no dampness can penetrate the water-proof sole.

R E-Z Pneumatic Soles $5.00

The R E-Z shoe will give you satisfaction—in Comfort—Service—Style and Foot-Conforming Fit.

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If you can't procure them in your city, I will supply you direct, express prepaid, upon receipt of price.

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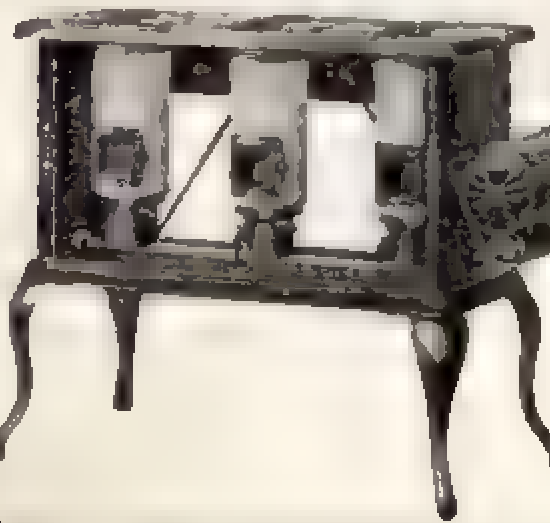

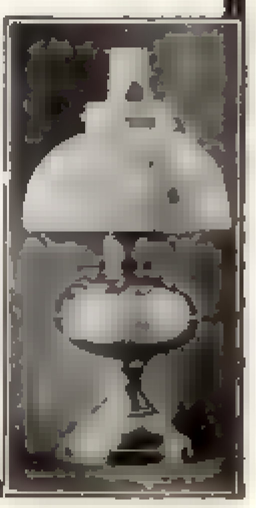

The blue flame of the New Perfection Oil Stove is the hottest, cleanest, quickest flame produced by any stove—a flame that's ready instantly for roasting, broiling, frying, baking. The New Perfection does everything that a coal, wood, or gas range will do—and does it at a saving. The

NEW PERFECTION
Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

makes the work lighter, cuts fuel expense in two, and, best of all, does its work quickly without overheating the kitchen. The NEW PERFECTION is made in three sizes, with one, two, and three burners. Every stove warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

The Rayo LAMP

is the best lamp made for all-round household use. Its splendid light producing power is unequaled. Made of brass throughout and beautifully nickeled. Perfectly constructed; absolutely safe; an ornament to any room. Every lamp warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

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a Japanese woman of Samurai rank, and became a Japanese citizen and professor of English in the Imperial University. Miss Bisland's Life and Letters gives a good picture of this timid little man, who, in spite of years of newspaper drudgery, managed to become a scholar and one of the first artists in prose of our day.

The tropical element in his blood was always calling him: first to New Orleans—the New Orleans of the reconstruction period, of Creoles—then to the West Indies, where he was the first to discover the wonders of color and romance in St. Pierre and Martinique. But Japan, to which he went at forty, was his best field, and his Japanese books will long remain the best record in English of the Japanese renaissance—the period between the war with China and the struggle with Russia, when Japan was making herself over to meet the West.

Hearn had a hard time to support himself by his pen. Recognition from the American magazines came to him slowly, so slowly and so meagrely that he often despaired. When he began to contribute to the Century, Harpers' and the Atlantic it was before the rise of the ten-cent magazine had sent up prices for articles and stories; the field was narrow and aristocratic. And the magazine journalist, nowadays sent on commissions all over the earth to report and describe what goes on in queer places, was unheard of.

Hearn, in any case, would not have made a good reporter of that type: he was an artist, caring a lot for words, for style, and giving an enormous amount of work to the least sketch from his pen. He speaks of spending a year or eighteen months on the composition of a novelette! But his work shows this labor of love, and Hearn has the distinction of being one of the very few literary artists—not just a journalist nor a good writer—that have contributed to American magazines. He wrote for the future—not a bad way if one has the patience and the pluck.

James Lane Allen's Method

JAMES LANE ALLEN, the distinguished Kentucky novelist, believes that the prosaic tumult of a large city offers no obstacle to high literary effort; in fact, nearly all his books have been written in big city hotels. This fact will probably surprise a good many people who have believed, from the exquisite delicacy and rare Nature-quality of his books, that they were penned amid sylvan scenes.

A Kentucky Cardinal, and Aftermath, for example, which breathe the very air of field and woodland, were written in a Cincinnati hotel, while The Choir Invisible, The Reign of Law, and The Mettle of the Pasture were written in New York hostelries.

Mr. Allen is now making his home in one of the highest and newest of New York's skyscraper hotels. He works slowly—never allows himself to be hurried in his art. The consequence is that there are long intervals between his books. He writes the greater part of his novels out by hand and then dictates them to a stenographer.

In the Book-Shop

℄ WALT WHITMAN'S ancestors on both sides, for many generations, are buried in his native town of West Hills, Long Island.

℄ THE original of Longfellow's Village Blacksmith is now said to have been the poet's grandfather, who married Abigail Thompson, a minister's daughter.

℄ RUPERT HUGHES, one of whose best stories is the musical romance, Zal, which was published about a year ago, is not only a novelist and a musical critic, but also a successful playwright.

℄ A BOSTON curio collector says that he has recently come into possession of the penknife long used by Thackeray to sharpen his pencils. This knife was given by James T. Fields to Whittier.

℄ W. O. INGLIS, a newcomer among magazine writers, was for several years one of the "star men" on the local staff of the New York World, and is still almost as much of a star among amateur boxers.

℄ T. A. DALY has become well known as a verse-writer, because of Canzoni, his excellent volume of Italian dialect ballads, but he is also a member of the staff of the Catholic Standard and Times, and a prolific fabricator of regular "joke-departments" for several daily papers.

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Made to Swing or in "Morris" Style

The Comfort Swing Chair rests you [illegible] immediately [illegible] that restful [illegible] of your [illegible] is tired or [illegible] looking at the illustrations [illegible] fortable [illegible] how much more comfortable you must be in the

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with one hand is the *standard* speed indicator of the world.

The "second" hand indicates the **maximum** speed. It remains permanent at the highest point until reset by a push on the stem. The hand drops automatically and instantly to the speed at which the car is at that moment traveling.

Complete description of this remarkable instrument will be found in **The Speedometer**—a bulletin on speed subjects. *Send your request to* **Jones Speedometer**
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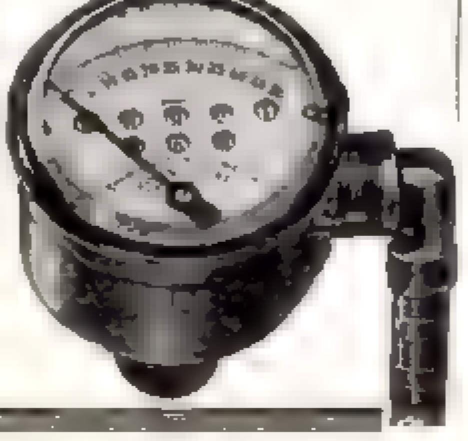

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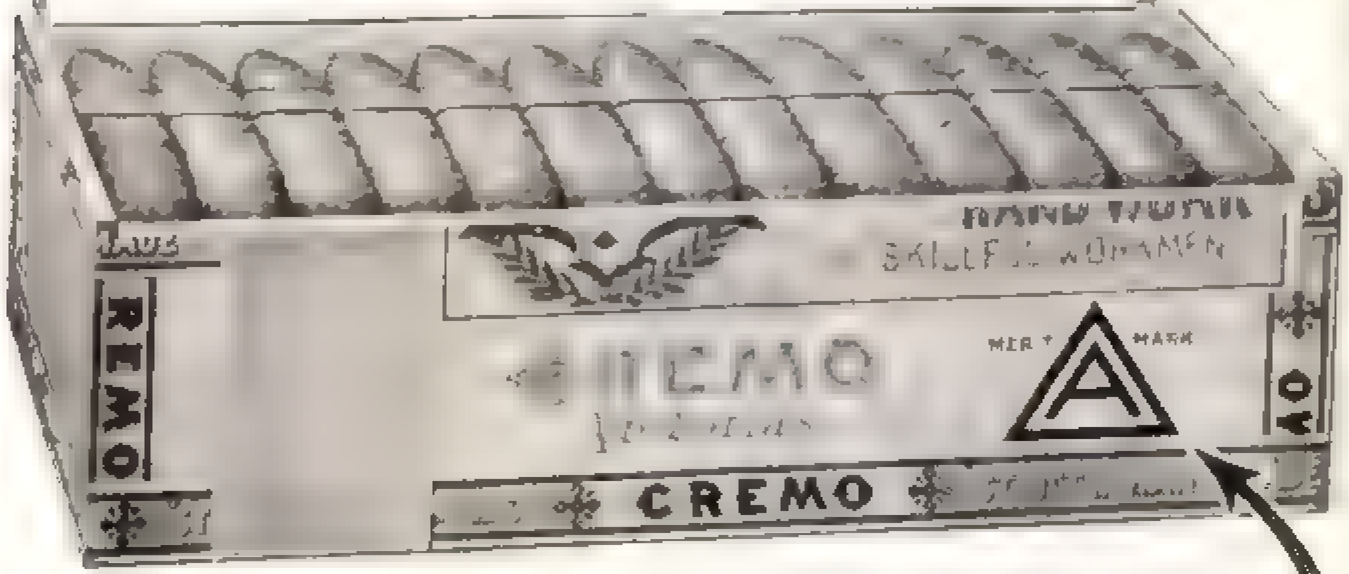

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Then you are absolutely sure the cigars in that box are positively the best value you can get. You know that the quality is superior to that of any cigar sold out of any box not stamped with this famous merit mark. Further, you know that the quality will always be uniform—and you cannot be deceived by pretty labels nor cute names.

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every time you buy cigars. It distinguishes the best brands of cigars from the great mass of unreliable brands about which you know nothing. It makes cigar buying easy and safe. It identifies the products of our advanced scientific methods of cigar making which have accomplished such a noticeable improvement in cigar quality.

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In two parts 50c. extra

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The Odorless is the only refrigerator built on the new principle to breathe out foul air as soon as formed. It absolutely keeps the air in every compartment pure, dry and chilled. It expels all chemical gases that foods and liquids throw off, and because of this it keeps your foods pure and healthful longer.

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FOR HANGING UP "Little Things"—Small Pictures, etc. Will not disfigure wood or plaster walls like tacks. No hammer needed. *Glass heads, Steel points.* Handy for Travellers.

At Stationery, House-furnishing, Notion and Photo-supply Stores or mailed prepaid for 10c per Packet of ½ doz. No. 1 or No. 2 like cuts.

Moore Push-Pin Co., 172 S. 11th St., Phila. Pa.

Home Doctoring

(Concluded from Page 9)

to the fact that the leaf of clover, containing three leaflets or "foils," like the shamrock of St. Patrick, has been taken for centuries as a representation of the Trinity, and hence endowed with healing virtues. It has an even older cryptic history than this, but that is too long a story.

Take them altogether, they are a cheerful, comforting, comparatively harmless crew. Some of them are sufficiently poisonous to be a source of danger, but these are being gradually weeded out. Others have been and are yet used too indiscriminately and too blindly. But the fittest only are surviving even among them. The oils were only dangerous if they were rubbed in too hard; the poultices were the only group which, perhaps, on the whole, did more harm than good. In fact, the chief danger of household medication is to be found in another direction, and that is the extent to which it may postpone the recognition and proper treatment of serious disease.

But here, of course, the average man is in a quandary. There can be no question that fully one-half of all the disagreeable sensations of impending cold or illness which one experiences will pass away completely under the influence of a hot drink and a good night's rest. Two-thirds even of all distinct diseases which do not thus disappear will ultimately get well if nothing is done for them, though, of course, often at the cost of great increase of pain, danger and slowness of cure. Hence the basis for the confidence felt in home remedies—which equally underlies professional ones.

Naturally, under our existing relations between physician and patient, any one hesitates to go to the expense of consulting a physician unless he is reasonably sure that it is really necessary. An immense amount of valuable time is often lost in this hesitation.

A great help toward the solution of the difficulty would be the recasting of our system of medical attendance and making it by the year, instead of by the visit. This was suggested some years ago by a physician, and, as he showed, would involve not only no increase, but a positive saving of expense to the average family or individual patient. For a very moderate sum per capita a doctor could engage to take care of a certain family and render whatever medical services were necessary during the year. This could be made to include a yearly, or, better still, a semi-annual, inspection of the house, business premises and schools occupied or attended by the members of the family, and a half-yearly or quarterly general overhauling of each individual, whether he seemed to need it or not. Then, when any one felt out of sorts, and one round of domestic remedies and a good night's rest failed to relieve, there would be felt no hesitation in consulting the physician and having it decided in ten minutes whether anything serious be the matter, or whether the case might safely be left to Nature.

The Borrowing Sister

AT TWENTY-FIVE years of age I was in receipt of a fair yearly salary from my profession, with a savings-bank account of fifteen hundred dollars. I was living in my sister's family with all the comforts and society of home. My surroundings made my bachelor life more and more agreeable as the years went by. My sister's husband, James, was one whom business drove, while she was ambitious, both for her home and for her personal appearance. As James' purse failed to supply her many wants, it was brother "Harry" to whom she turned, sure of having her wants supplied.

One of several cases where my savings added to the home possessions was this: An adjoining lot which would add very much to the beauty of the home grounds was for sale. Sister Jean must have it added to her place. James had not the ready money. Then comes Jean's winning voice: "Harry, can you let James have five hundred dollars, and take his note? You know that lot adjoining ours on the west is for sale. Our yard is so shut in. That lot would just let us out on the other street and also prevent a house from being put up there which would completely cut off our western view." James got the five hundred dollars, giving his note at five per cent., which per cent., like the principal, was never alluded to afterward.

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Look for this trade mark when you buy records

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Send for our latest list of new records, disc or cylinder. Get the Graphophone catalog if you don't own a Graphophone. Cylinder records 25c. Disc records 60c to $5. Graphophones $7.50 to $200.

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THE MACHINE THAT MAKES THE MONEY

After I had replaced on my bank-account, from my savings, the five hundred dollars and added considerable to it from year to year, strange as it may seem, another village lot on the northeast corner of James' lot was for sale. Sister Jean's ambition was for James to buy it; for by putting up a cozy cottage it would rent for a nice little sum, and, too, prevent any undesirable neighbors from locating there. But James had not enough money at hand. With a little help from brother Harry it could be arranged so nicely, and James could give a note bearing five per cent. interest, payable on demand. The question was submitted to "Harry," and, of course, "Harry" agreed to furnish one thousand dollars.

The fifteen hundred dollars bank-account with which I started out was growing less as I was growing older. And, of course, I was more appreciative of the home comforts which I found at sister Jean's.

A few years passed uneventfully, when the estate of a deceased citizen was to be settled. The estate consisted of some valuable pieces of land. A sixty-acre hillside just in view from James' house was one of the pieces. The slope and the location would make it desirable for country homes, and its value, if it was put in market, would, perhaps, double in one year. There could be no doubt about it. James ought to buy the land and hold it for the rise in value. James would be glad to do so, but he had been building and making some repairs, in consequence of which he had not the ready money. Then came sister Jean's coaxing voice again: "Harry, can you help James out? There can be no risk in an investment in that sixty acres of land, and James' note at five per cent. is much better than three and a half per cent. in the savings-bank. Besides, savings-banks have been known to fail."

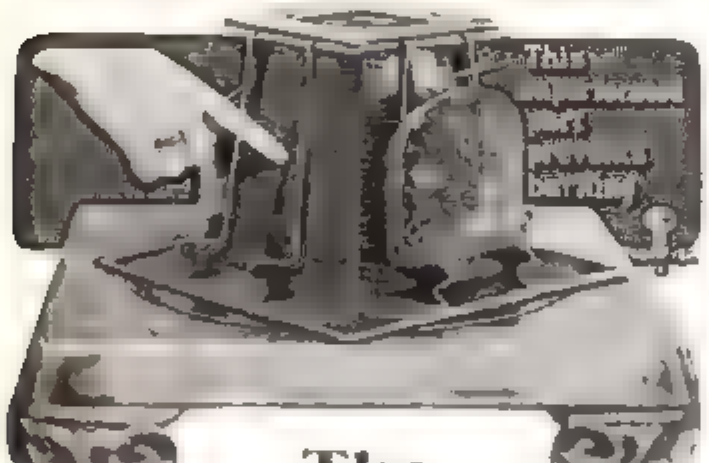
Two Sharps and a Flat

The result was that "Harry" promised to help James out. The day of sale arrived and the land went for fifty dollars an acre. Sixty acres at fifty dollars an acre makes the cost three thousand dollars. It was surely a fine investment. James was the buyer, paying down the purchase price of three hundred dollars and going home for Jean to settle the balance, twenty-seven hundred dollars, out of "Harry's" savings. James' note (thus Jean reasoned) would be better and less trouble for "Harry" than a mortgage on the land. And "Harry" is minus his twenty-seven hundred dollars at three and a half per cent. savings-bank account.

The incidents I have mentioned are only a few of the many ways in which my savings have been used for the benefit of Jean and her home. As her ambition increased, her expenses increased. It was entertaining, dressing and traveling. I was the one who supplied most of the funds for such purposes, besides adding to the increase of her real estate. Sickness comes to Jean's family. Her expenses are still greater. James' business does not succeed. Business has driven him so long. He is tired of being driven, and wants a rest. Their home is free from debt. They have a nice little income from the rent of the cottage and from some other pieces of real estate. In case of necessity some of their pieces of property (for several had come into their possession) could be sold. Real estate had gone up in value so much that it might be well to sell some. It would probably never be any higher. James retires from business.

A few years pass. Debts have been incurred. The creditors demand their money. James makes an assignment to his wife, and he is thereby released from every obligation. Another lapse of time and a brother dies, leaving Jean his property, which places her in independent financial circumstances. A few years more pass, when Jean discovers that "Harry" is getting to be an old man. She also discovers that he ought to have a home of his own, and not dependent upon her. She realizes how disagreeable it is to her and to her guests (for she has many fashionable ones now) to have an old person about the house. "Harry" is getting to be eccentric, too. He ought to find some more quiet place in which to live. In short, at fifty-five years of age "Harry" finds himself without a home, without his savings of thirty years, without his fifteen hundred dollars which he started with, and, worst of all, without his sister Jean's friendship.

— N. J. W.



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The two-section magazine idea is brand new to the world. It is not quite new with me, however, as [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] magazine with the illustrated features of the [illegible] magazine. It [illegible] difficult problem to work out. Now that the idea is perfected, I wish to see what there is in it. It looks to me to be very good, but the only way to know a thing is to try it.

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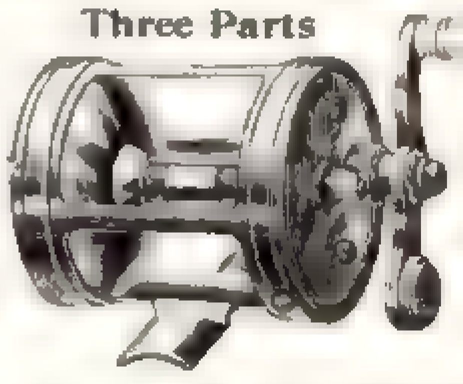

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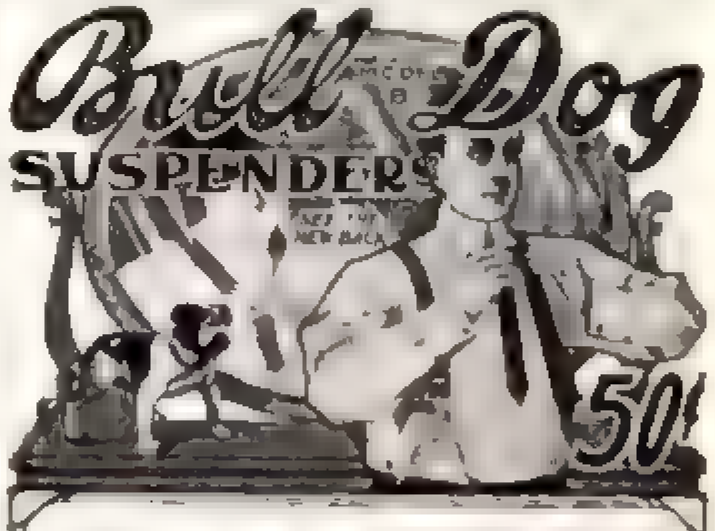

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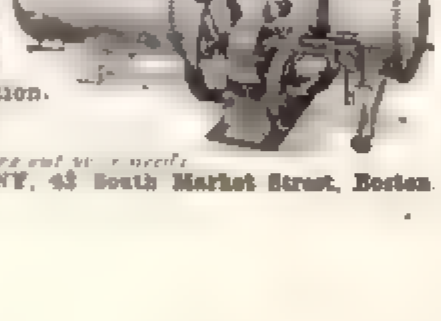

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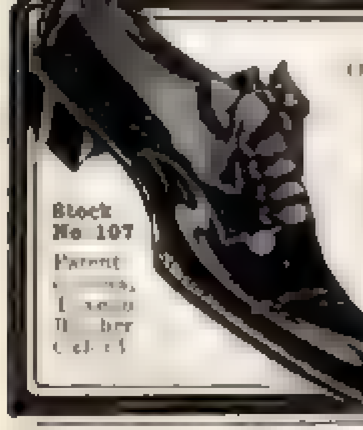

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An Overdose

(Continued from Page 12)

"Oh, that was nothing," said Todd, turning red.

They looked at one another, struggling against the inevitable; then they both broke into laughter uncontrollable.

"Did I—was it really so convincingly done?" she tried to say.

"Perfectly! I wanted to k-kill that man. I—I want to harm him yet."

"Oh, I am so glad! It is the most splendid test! *Do* you think somebody will take the play and produce it? And do you think it will be a success? And do you think that some great emotional actress would create the part? *Do* you?"

"*You* could create the part," he said almost resentfully.

"I? Why, I am not an actress. I am only ——"

She stopped, raising her eyes to him very gravely. "I think, first of all," she said, "that you had better tell me who you are. Not that I am the slightest bit afraid or suspicious. I am not afraid of anything, and have not been for three months. So, if you please, who are *you*?"

"I—I'm only Dudley Todd," he admitted.

"Dudley Todd? Oh; my brother knows you at the Lenox Club. I am Evelyn West."

"B-B-Billy West's s-s-sister!" he stammered.

"Yes; not the pretty one; the eccentric one who has taken up Settlement work and 'isms' and is good to the poor and has missions, and who has just bought this quaint old house here overlooking East River Park ——"

"You! Billy West's ——"

"Yes; *not* the pretty one. And I live here quite alone, and don't have servants because I believe in equality, but can't stand having my cook on my visiting-list. So here I am, and I'm third vice-president of a working-girls' club, and I do neighborhood work, and I am going to graduate from the Sloan Maternity some day, and, when nobody requires me as trained nurse or spiritual adviser, I—I"—she flushed prettily—"I hope to write plays to educate the people—like this first play you heard me reading to myself. I hope to reach and arouse the public through the medium of the drama."

"Exactly," he said, fascinated.

"I am a Socialist," she said firmly; "I've been one for three months. It occurred so oddly. I was walking along Fifth Avenue opposite the Lenox Club, and as I walked I happened to glance up at the club window—oh, I am very careful about doing such a thing, but my brother is sometimes there, and I rather like to see him with the head of his walking-stick under his chin; he's so chubby and cunning ——"

She smiled confidently at Todd; and Todd grew giddy.

"So I glanced up as I passed," she continued; "but I didn't see my brother, only a rather horrid man with a monocle in one eye, staring at me ——"

"Manners!" breathed Todd, electrified.

"Very, very bad manners," she said unconsciously. "So I looked straight ahead and walked right on. . . . But—but—I began to have the queerest sensations a few moments later! I"—she hesitated, looking at Todd—"I was a very, very different sort of girl three months ago, Mr. Todd. I was like other women—thoughtless, light-hearted, unimaginative, mediocre, devoted to frivolity—and, suddenly, as I walked on, I began to feel myself changing, my whole character changing, and awaking into a strangely new and delightsome personality! . . . I wonder if you believe what I am saying?"

"Yes, yes," muttered Todd; "I believe it; I *know* it. Please go on."

"Thank you. Somehow I knew you would believe me. Somehow, the moment I saw you I knew I was not afraid of you—even though you shouted so abruptly and came clattering so fiercely upstairs. I—it's a curious thing—an almost incredible thing to admit—but do you know, Mr. Todd, that somehow your coming didn't astonish me very much?"

"D-didn't it?" stammered Todd rapturously.

"No. Not that I was expecting you—not that I ever even thought of you—even knew you by sight. Yet it seemed quite in order to see you come charging in here to my rescue. And when you told me your

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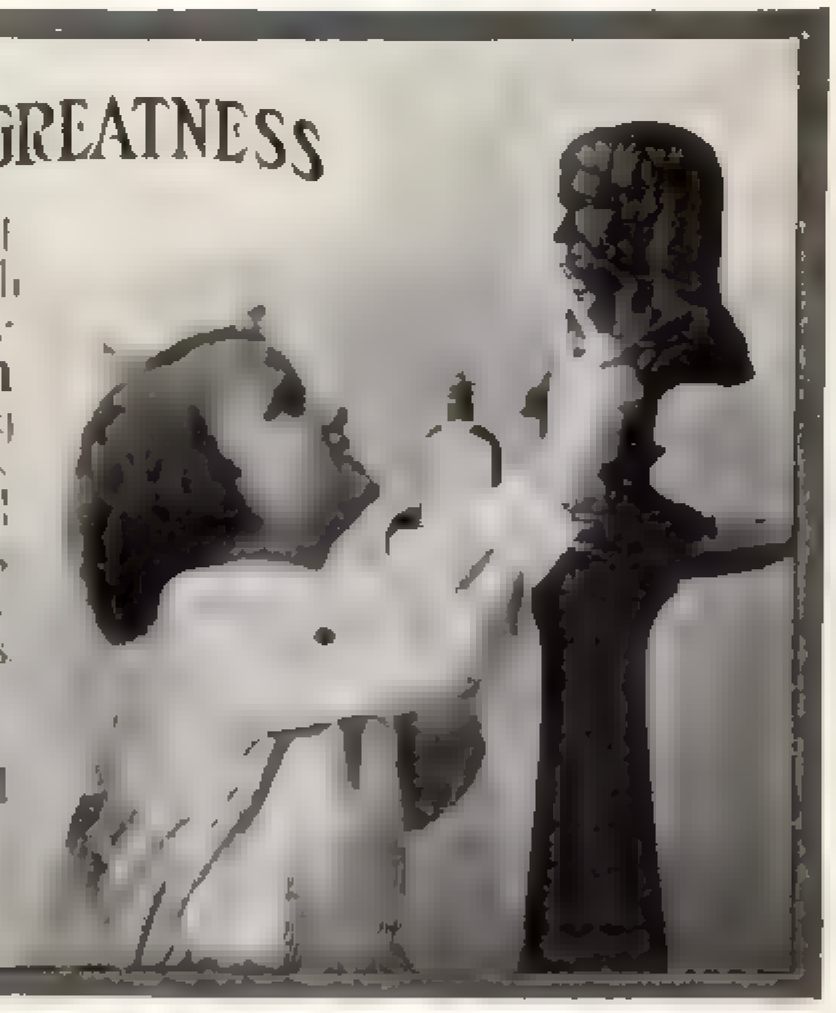

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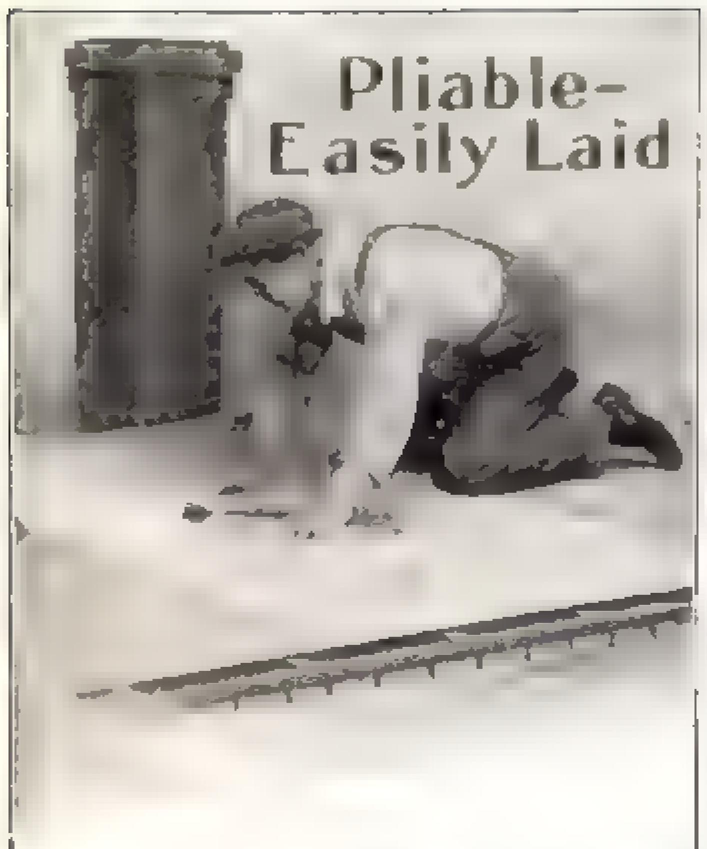

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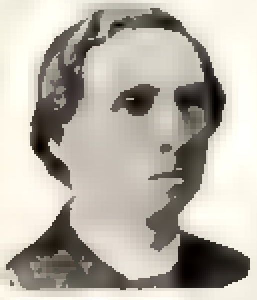

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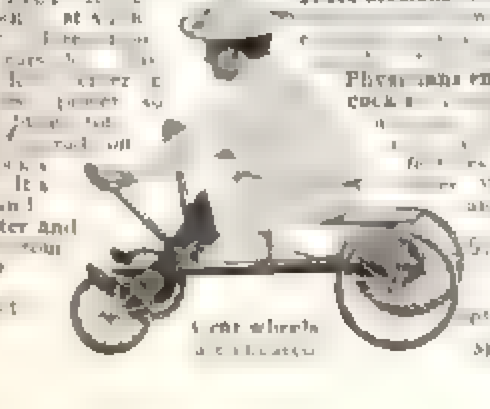

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name I had an odd feeling that matters were happening as they ought to happen — as they were bound to happen. . . . . I wonder whether you understand me?"

"Perfectly," he murmured under the spell of her sweet sincerity

"Very well, then; I will just say this: that three months ago I was another woman, and to-day I am my real self—fresh from the chrysalis of the past, awakened from twenty years of emotionless immaturity to emerge into the world and bear my part of its sorrows and its burdens, and to do my part toward its betterment. And that is all, . . . about myself, . . . Mr. Todd."

"Please, *please*, go on."

"Why, what more is there to say?" she asked laughingly. "You know all about me now. You know I am absolutely unconventional, unafraid, and—and audacious enough to offer you a chair—at midnight—alone with me in this house."

And she rose and indicated a chair on her left with a gesture of delicate audacity

The mixture of Socialism and unconventionality combined with the charm and fearless poise of a young girl, bred in the world, produced an ensemble so sweet, so piquant, so adorable, that Todd sat bolt upright on his chair beside her, wrapped in a blissfully imbecile daze.

"I don't care what an artificial and self-conscious society might think of this, do you, Mr. Todd?" she asked.

"Not a bit," said Todd. Her eyes were very friendly; her glance wandered over him with a confident but thoughtful curiosity.

"I am very glad you came," she said. "Will you come again?"

"Yes!!!!" exclaimed Todd so fervently that she flushed.

"I wonder whether you'd be interested in Settlement work—in my work here among the poor?" she ventured.

"I am," said Todd warmly. "I've a lot of—I—well, an uncle of mine left me some money. Do you want it?"

"Want it!" she repeated blankly.

"For the poor!"

"I—why, Mr. Todd—I couldn't—it is very generous ——"

"But I want to spend it on all these Dagos and gutter-snipes!" he said earnestly. "I want to convert the yeggmen and be good to them with pamphlets and soup. I'll give 'em anything you say—new hats, gum-drops, hospitals, anything you'd like 'em to enjoy."

His generous emotion set a faint pink fire in her cheeks.

"But it wouldn't do to give indiscriminately," she said, leaning a trifle nearer toward him. "Besides, I don't quite see how I am going to accept your financial aid ——"

"Please let me," he pleaded. "I—I've been wandering around loose for the last three months, making lots of money and having adventures, but I didn't know what I really wanted until I saw you."

"Me!"—the vivid tint spreading on her lovely face.

"Yes—I want—want you!—but I won't speak of that just now; I'll confine my suggestions to this business of first aid to the indigent Dago, and I hope you'll let me build a hospital for you ——"

She lay back in her chair, blue eyes starry and wide, and the bright color grew and faded with every quick-drawn breath as she watched him, fascinated, while he spoke with all the eager boyish impulsiveness of a young man suddenly and hopefully in love.

For there was no chance to misunderstand; his every feature, every gesture told the story, and the light in his eyes betrayed it, and the very sound of his voice confessed it, and her own pulse mechanically echoed the avowal, beating out unsteadily its irrevocable confirmation.

Love! To come like this! Suddenly, swiftly, irresistibly, like this! Love!—to come so abruptly, filling his heart as he met her eyes, dominating him soul and body and mind, so that it usurped his own personality and enslaved every power of it, using his eyes and lips for its own purposes.

And the purpose of love was to make her understand, admit, believe, marvel and be afraid.

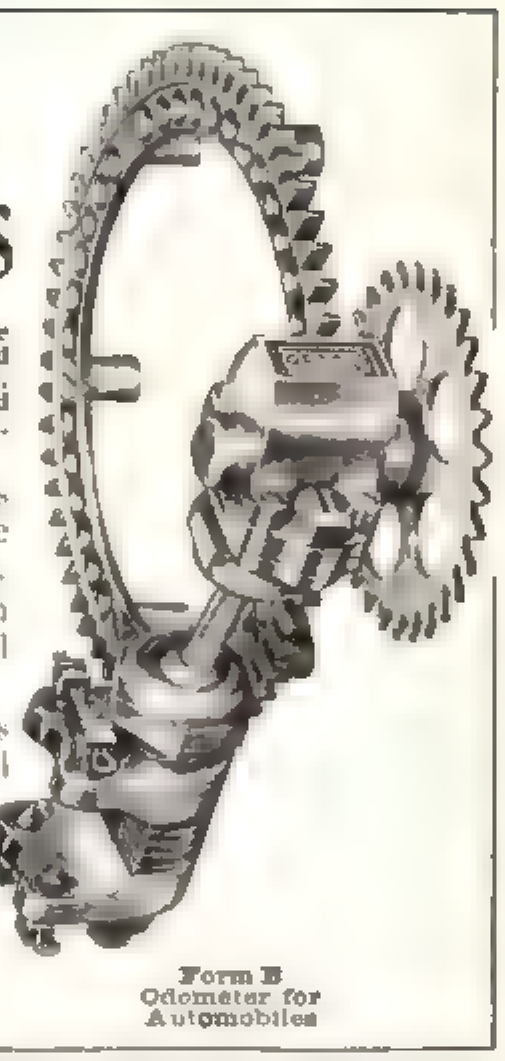
She was afraid.

Then the love, new-born, looked out at her through his eyes while he was talking excitedly about hospitals; and she heard his words as in a dream, but sat spellbound under the revelation from his eyes.

He talked and talked and talked, and Heaven knows he was prosy—but she did

"It's Nice to Know How Far You Go."

Veeder Odometers



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To and from Colorado, Utah and Pacific Coast points.
TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT CO
Room 507, 215 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

not think so, lying back there in her chair, wide-eyed, thrilled, tremulous of lid and lip, as the undertone of love, sounding persistently through his platitudes, swept her like a caress, and set the rose-fire creeping across her cheeks.

Socialism, equality, freedom and the untrammeled expression of it, fearless confidence, the repudiation of all that is artificial: these had been the vows she had taken. She understood, she remembered.

And now, with all the strength and instinct and passion of her young soul and heart, she was struggling against the creed she had confessed—struggling, bewildered, rejecting its confession from his lips.

Turmoil in the confessional for her heart was that dim sanctuary, revolt in mind and body, and anathema for the penitent—as she rose, breathless, cheeks aflame, arms outstretched in a sudden gesture that at the same time silenced him and shielded herself—silenced him for an instant only; shielded herself very badly.

For—oh, incredible!—he had caught her hands in his, her soft, white hands, both of them, that twisted fiercely as though to hurt him, not to escape.

"All this talk!" he stammered, "means only one thing!"

"D-don't say it!" she gasped.

"Will you not believe it?"

"I—yes! I know it is so; I know how it is with us—what has happened. But I cannot endure it—so quickly—to—to have you—take me—this way ——"

"You are already taken," he whispered, mastering her hands.

"I know it—prisoner—in my own house." . . . Her hands fell limp, she drew a deep, sweet breath and slowly, very slowly, raised her eyes to his.

"Be merciful," she said. "The silk of the old regime still clothes me under these red rags of emancipation."

"I know," he said, his soul in his eyes.

Then, paling, she raised her hands and he drew them close against his lips.

"Good-night," she whispered.

"To-morrow?"

"Y-yes."

"And always, after that? Always? Forever and ever—until ——"

"Yes." . . . .

. . . .

About one o'clock that morning, Manners, squatting distractedly upon a bench in the park, perceived a shadowy form, apparently a prey to religious exaltation, wandering about under the trees, arms upflung, face lifted to Heaven.

"Todd!" he cried, bounding to his feet. Then the desire for battle overwhelmed him and he charged headlong upon Todd and assaulted him. And they had a splendid time there all alone under the stars.

"Beast!" panted Manners, blocking an upper cut and countering. And Todd came back joyously on the nose, and they mixed it again until, breathless, speechless and satisfied, they staggered apart and sat down on the same bench.

"Careful about your nose, old fellow," panted Todd; "don't hold it over my knees."

So Manners held his nose over the grass like a gentleman, and Todd lent him another handkerchief.

"That was fine, wasn't it?" said Manners. "We must do it again with six-ounce gloves ——"

"Certainly," replied Todd affectionately, as Manners rose and started toward the street. And, linking his arm in his friend's arm, he looked up blissfully at the stars.

After a long time, during which, from moment to moment, Manners furtively pressed the borrowed handkerchief to his nose, they came into Fifth Avenue and headed southward toward the Lenox Club.

"And now," said Manners, "perhaps you had better tell me what happened to you."

But Todd only shook his head dreamily and raised his eyes to the star-set sky.

"No," he murmured, "not until it is announced."

Manners turned perfectly cold.

"Announced!" he repeated threateningly.

"Yes; to Billy West's sister—*not* the pretty one. God bless you, William."

But Manners was past all speech.

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When in need of paint, enamel, stain or varnish for any use there is only one thing you need to know—that is to ask for the "Acme Quality" Kind and *look for the*

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IVER JOHNSON
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The Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver won't go off unless you deliberately pull the trigger. Do that and you'll find it just as sure as it is safe. The straightest-shooting, hardest-hitting, most reliable revolver made to-day. Rightly proportioned, beautifully finished; a gentleman's pistol for pocket, desk or bureau.

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3 inch barrel, nickel plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 32 or 38 center fire cartridge **$6.00**	3 inch barrel, nickel plated finish, 32 or 38 center fire cartridge **$7.00**

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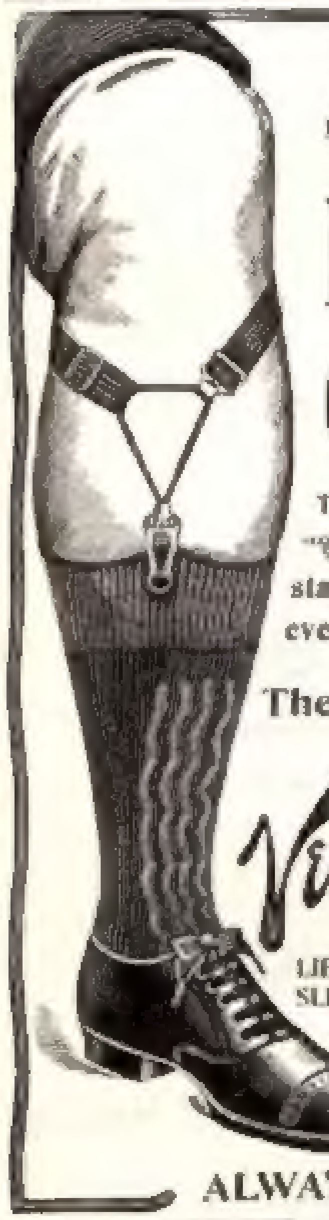

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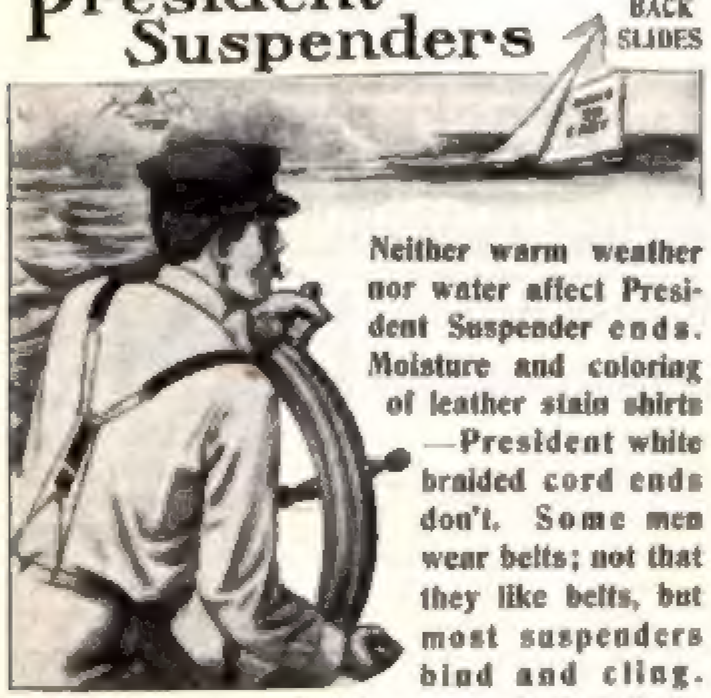

Neither warm weather nor water affect President Suspender ends. Moisture and coloring of leather stain shirts—President white braided cord ends don't. Some men wear belts; not that they like belts, but most suspenders bind and cling. Presidents rest so lightly you can't feel them.

Lightweight Summer Presidents weigh 2 oz. Wear them instead of a binding belt and you won't have to adjust your trousers 50 times a day.

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Also Medium and Heavyweights. Extra long for big men. Special sizes for youths and boys.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., 551 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.

The Hoodwinking of Apollo

(Concluded from Page 7)

deference to the hostess of the evening, there was round after round of enthusiastic applause, and Martinelli, who had followed him off, hugged him close, and was deterred from kissing him only by the condition of his face.

Then the proud Italian dragged him forth again, and after a racy little encore Reddy found himself alone in his dressing-room.

In the centre of the floor lay his old garments. With one leg in his ragged trousers he became aware suddenly of a Presence—a Presence which had floated noiselessly into the little stall and filled it to overflowing; which billowed ruffles and flounces; which beamed satisfaction; which, for fear of soiling its front on the burnt cork, touched him gingerly with glittering fingers; which glimpsed his fiery head, exclaimed shortly, gasped spasmodically, and sank speechless into the only chair.

While it was still gasping, the rear curtain was poked up and James Roscoe was pushed into the presence of his bewildered mamma, the coachman exclaiming: "It's the kid!"

Jimmy McBride had always stood somewhat in awe of his mother and father. Now, in the white light that beat upon his iniquity, he felt his small body shrink in layers concentric, and the figure of his mother seemed to have expanded.

Reddy Munce, the while, was trying to get his unclad limb into his trousers' leg.

Thus they faced each other, those three, one astounded and two terror-stricken—speechless all. Mr. McBride suddenly appeared in the door.

"What's this?" he asked, staring at the strange tableau.

His wife's fat throat swelled and swallowed at something, her face grew tense.

"I say"—McBride began in a rather awful voice, but stopped when he perceived that his son was weeping.

Reddy Munce had never made a practice of crying. It was a baby's solace at the best, but in the fight against tears his thin lips had a way of doubling on themselves, which they did now, while as for words he was as dumb as the Sphinx.

It was Jimmy, after all, who first found voice. In a pathetic little monologue, he went through the whole thing from beginning to end. Mrs. McBride rustled out to the Bishop's side, where she watched the show to the end.

McBride's patience, oddly, lasted till his son was through. He had been genuinely proud of what he thought the boy had achieved. He was not a noisy man, and he had not charged through the main aisles in the direction of the dressing-rooms, as his wife had done.

The last crisp chord that ended the encore, and the demonstration which followed had set something to tugging away at his heartstrings. He was a proud man, and Reddy Munce's triumph had touched the weakest point in his armor. And now ——

Watching his boy, whose great tears were still undried, he felt a sudden compassion for him, and a shame for himself that he had forced so desperate a game on the little fellow.

"And you—you like it?" he asked, turning to Reddy Munce.

Reddy's voice came back by way of a cough. "I—I'm sure dead stuck on it."

McBride picked up the fiddle, and eyed it curiously as if it were some strange sort of bug. Then he put it in its case and handed it to Reddy.

"Take it; it's yours," he said kindly. "Go ahead with Martin—what's-his-name; the bills will be met—as usual," with a grim smile. "And, since Jimmy likes the goat better than the fiddle, what do you say to letting him have the goat, eh? . . . All right, he can get it to-morrow. Now, rub some of that black off your face and I'll have William take you over to the house for something to eat."

When Reddy was gone, McBride picked up his boy. James Roscoe McBride cuddled up against his father.

A half-hour later, Reddy Munce slipped back to the dressing-room and, finding them thus, cautiously took up his violin and hurried out.

His violin! *His* violin!

The stars that showed through the narrow slit of Hogan's Alley seemed—every one of them—to twinkle a smile at him.

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A Dessert—light, fascinating wafers with a creamy center of enticing sweetness.

A Light Refreshment—blending perfectly with ices and beverages—adding to the simplest menu a royal touch of elegance and refinement.

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147 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

Manufacturers of Iver Johnson Revolvers ("Hammer the Hammer") and Single Barrel Shotguns.

A SIX-CYLINDER COURTSHIP

(Continued from Page 15)

The tooting of a horn on the street below, a hasty glance from a window, and I knew that my car had arrived. Now for it!

As I descended in the elevator I debated as to what I should do.

"Good-morning, Mr. Snowden," chorused the reporters, as I stepped into view.

"Good-morning, boys," I said, nodding pleasantly.

"How about that story in the Dispatch this morning, Mr. Snowden?"

"It's substantially correct," I affirmed.

"Not the Holland House part?" said one.

"No," I admitted; "my cousins are not stopping at the Holland House."

"Get a picture of him in his chug wagon, Harry!"

"Snap him on the steps!"

These orders, issued to camera-carrying aides-de-camp by their respective generals, were promptly executed.

"Just a moment, Mr. Snowden. Was the gentleman who appeared at the station really your cousin?"

"He certainly was."

"And was the lady his wife?"

This question was too much for me. "Cut out of here, quick, Charlie," I growled. Then, as the car swung away from the curb, I turned and answered my tormentor.

"No, ——," I said; "she isn't his wife, and, what's more, she never will be!"

XVI

"WHERE to, sir?" asked Charlie, as we spun around a corner.

"Oh, anywhere!" I said, with the relieved sigh of a prisoner just escaped from a hostile band of Indians. Not that a few reporters more or less could make any difference—now. It wasn't to escape reporters that I was rushing off to Long Island; it was to escape my friends. I'd probably put up at one of the smaller country clubs on Long Island, and from there I'd burn the wires with messages till Jimmie Redmond turned up. There was no use in taking Charlie along with me, though; I'd drop him at the next corner.

Charlie took leave of me with many expressions of gratitude. "I'm back on the job again, thanks to you, Mr. Snowden," he said.

"Oh, that's all right, Charlie! It was monstrous of Kelly to discharge you."

"I only hope he will let me stay."

"He'd better," I replied. "By the way, if those confounded reporters show up at the garage, you don't know anything about last night."

I now took the wheel, directing my course toward the East Side.

When I say that the Manhattan end of the Williamsburg Bridge is the hardest thing to find in New York, believe me, I do not exaggerate. It was quarter to twelve when at last I succeeded in reaching it.

Once there, I handed the ticket, purchased with a dime I had discovered in a pocket of my dust-coat, to the man whose duty it is to collect this questionable tax. That accomplished, I proceeded sedately on my way, a flaming contrast to the shiny-black hearse now acting as my pacemaker.

Below me smart Sound steamers, clumsy excursion boats and panting tugs whistled insolently at one another. In front of me loomed Brooklyn, its shore-line a tangle of rigging, masts and spars, its tall factory chimneys fouling the air with smoke and punctuating the broken sky-line like huge exclamation points. In the middle distance an occasional church spire pointed Heavenward; for Brooklyn, be it known, is the champion church city of the United States.

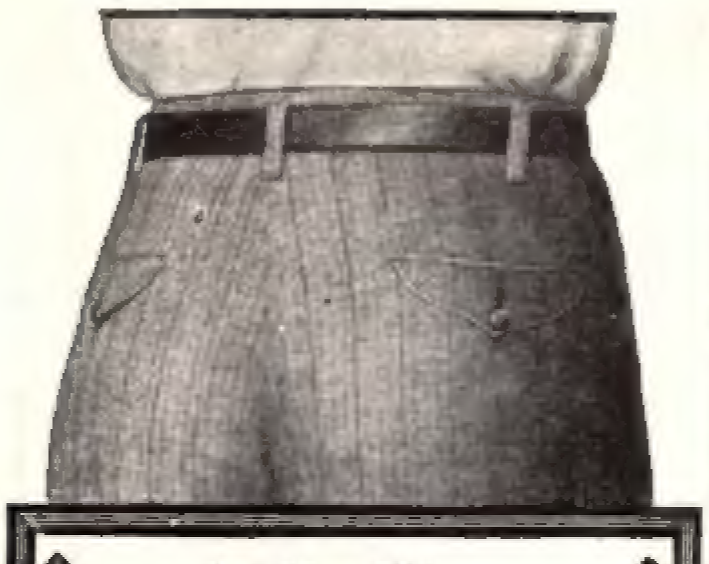
I have often wondered if that accounts for the execrable paving of its streets along the water-front; if the good intentions, fostered by the churches, are in some way responsible for—say, Jackson Avenue.

But surely not. The man who paved Jackson Avenue was, as every automobile owner knows, inspired by the Evil One.

A happier lot than Jackson Avenue was awaiting me, however. Once off of the bridge, I dodged past the hearse, which most probably had inspired these melancholy thoughts, and, after some zigzagging in and out and around corners, emerged into Bedford Avenue.

Forty minutes later I was tempting the police on the Jericho Pike.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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Do You Wear Suspenders or Belt?

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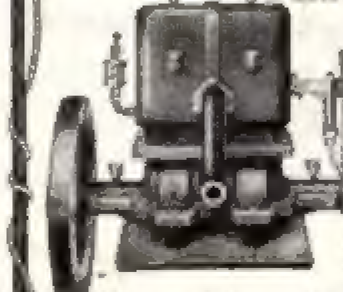

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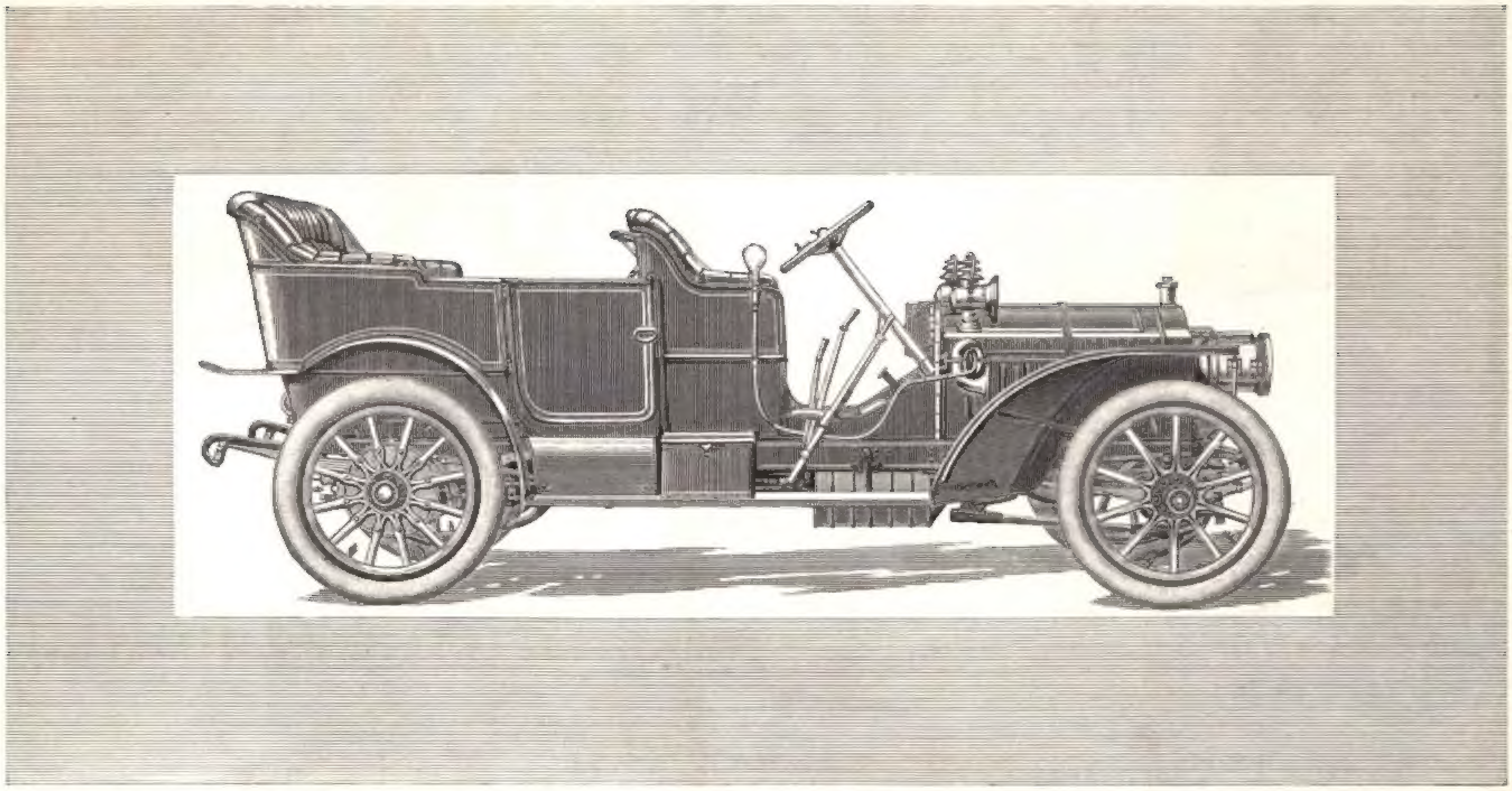

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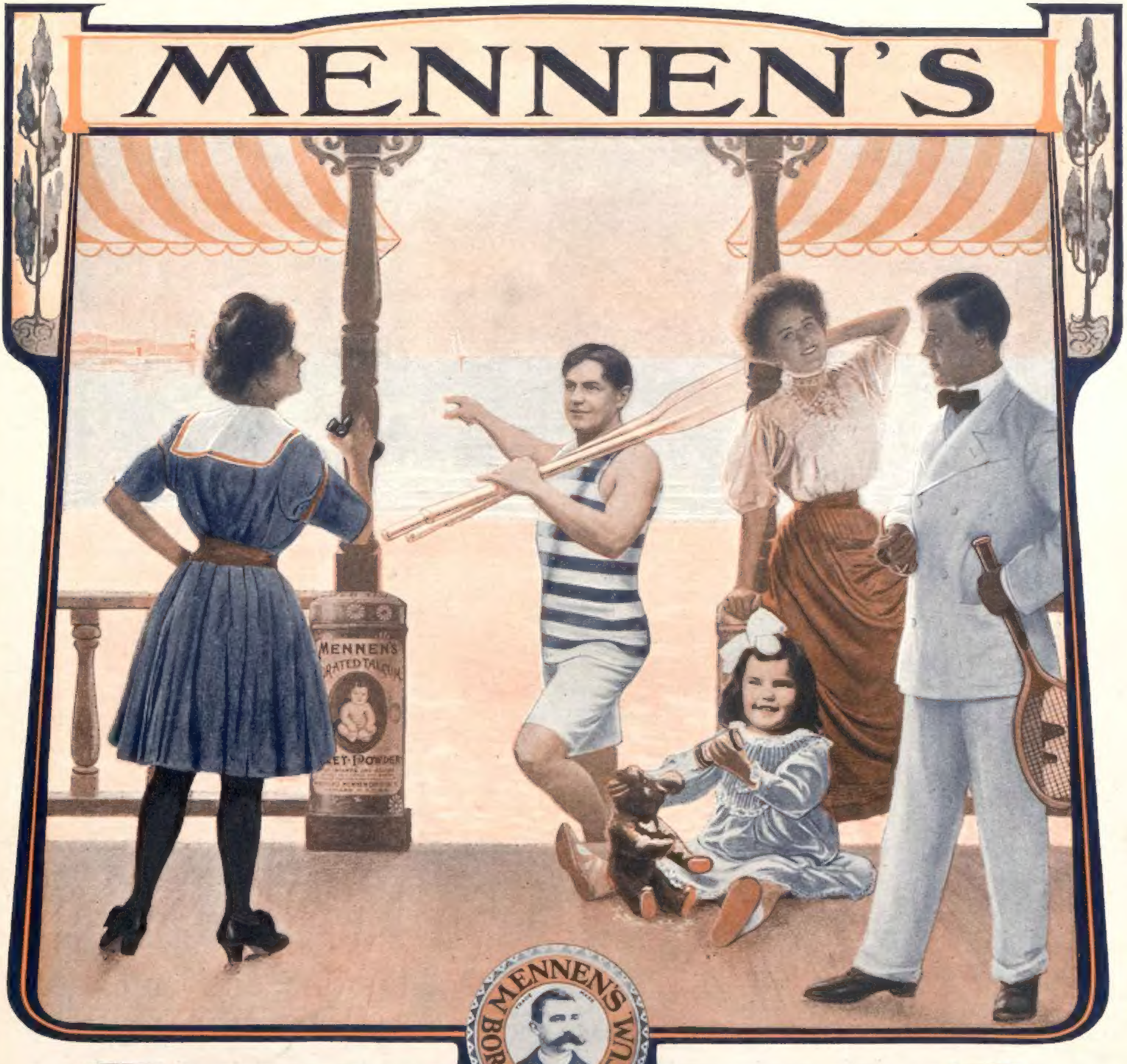
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